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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1912.

The Week

President Taft is a most vexing man to attack. He does not explode, nor go off half-cocked, and has a very exasperating way of keeping quiet under repeated challenges and demands and taunts. But just as his enemies are joyfully proclaiming that they have got him cornered and defeated, and are filled with glee at the great "issue" they have made against him, he comes out with a calm statement which sets the whole matter at rest. This is what Mr. Taft did on Monday in his address to the Massachusetts Legislature on the subject of Presidential primaries. His personal attitude was that of welcoming them wherever, as by the new Massachusetts statute, they can be properly safeguarded and made actually to express the will of the rank and file of the party. But he pointed out, what everybody knows to be the fact, that in the majority of the States it is impossible to procure such legislation in time for use this year. There are, however, existing primary systems in nearly all of the States for the election of delegates to the National Convention, and with those we must for the present get along as best we can. For thus frankly stating his position, the President was enthusiastically applauded by the Legislature, as he was, indeed, at all his appearances in Boston. It will be noted, also, that he received words of the warmest approval from Cardinal O'Connell, in flat disregard of Oyster Bay's proprietary rights in all Cardinals.

It would be premature to say that the Roosevelt movement is failing, but the fact is plain to all that it is not going ahead with the rush and roar predicted. And in the Colonel's case, the psychology of the crowd is a vital element. If he does not appear to be winning, there is imminent danger of his losing. When it cannot be said that his boom is going strong, then it must be admitted that it is going feebly. For the whole campaign for him was based on the theory of prairie-fires and earthquakes. The country was instantly to blaze and quiver when he announced his candidacy. But it did not, and it does not. Even the early blare is dying away, and the delegates continue to be instructed for Taft with monotonous regularity. His score now is about 130 to Roosevelt's 12 or 14. And in the States of large population and many delegates—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana—there is no sign of anything more than scattering and ineffective support for the Colonel. Even in far Western States, which were expected to give one shout for him and then all would be over, strong opposition to him is being manifested. In Indiana, the *Star* chain of newspapers has dropped the Colonel. If this sort of news keeps on coming day after day, his boom will begin to look sickly.

The La Follette factor in the Republican nomination quarrel came into distinct prominence with the publication of the Wisconsin man's open letter to the Republican Progressives of North Dakota, followed by his victory in the primaries. When Roosevelt became President, he says, the capitalization of the Trusts and great railway combinations was $3,874,000,000; "when he turned the country over to Taft, whom he had selected as his successor, the total capitalization of the Trusts and combinations amounted to the enormous sum of $31,672,000,000, more than 70 per cent. of which was water." And he declares the oppression of the people by the special interests that have been thus swelling visibly under the eyes of the Colonel and his "selected successor" to be the "one great issue overshadowing and including all others." For cold-blooded promptness in abandoning a man you have been professing to support, the instant he got into trouble, the shuffling-off of La Follette by the Rooseveltian Progressives would be hard to match. "Here's your hat—what's your hurry?" is not regarded as the most civil of all ways to get rid of a man of whom you have had enough; but it is the pink of politeness in comparison with what was done to the Wisconsin Senator by men who, only a day or two before, had professed to be his enthusiastic followers. Now comes the revenge.

It is stated on behalf of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's managers that they regard the result in Kansas as a good deal of a victory, because, although the delegation stands committed to Champ Clark for first choice, it is pledged to Woodrow Wilson for second choice. To our mind, there is even more reason than this for satisfaction in the case. To be the first choice of the profound statesmen who concocted the platform adopted by the Kansans would be a weight heavier than Mr. Wilson, or any other respectable candidate, ought to find it agreeable to be called upon to carry. Their programme includes, among other things, the Sherwood pension bill, which, of course, suits Champ Clark down to the ground, since he ostentatiously stepped down from the Speaker's chair for the purpose of having his vote recorded in favor of it. It calls for the election of Federal judges by direct vote of the people, and of Interstate Commerce Commissioners by the same method; and, since it also demands "the recall of public officials when they have become derelict in duty," it seems a safe inference—putting this and that together—that these true friends of the people don't propose to stand any foolishness on the part of the men whom the people have drest in a little brief authority to look into railway rates for them. The "initiative and referendum in all lawmaking" is their modest demand in that direction.

The proposal to provide by act of Congress for an extension to coal-mining of the arrangements for averting strikes which are furnished by the Erdman act in the case of interstate railways is worthy of the most serious consideration. The question of industrial peace or industrial war in a labor dispute often turns on the possibility of getting upon the dispute the light of a disinterested inquiry and the judgment of a set of men in whom both sides have a reasonable degree of confidence. In the present disagreement between the anthracite mine owners and the mine workers, while both sides have thus far seemed determined to stick to their positions, there has been apparently more readiness to make plain statements of the reasons for their attitude than used

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to be exhibited in former times, and this is the next thing to a willingness to have the quarrel looked into by some impartial body. So far as the province of the Federal Government is concerned, the supply of coal may be ranked with the railways themselves as an indispensable part of the machinery of interstate commerce, and the providing of an apparatus of mediation and voluntary arbitration to keep that machinery from being unnecessarily blocked would not seem to be an unwarrantable extension of Federal functions.

For the first time for some years, the Supreme Court has presented the spectacle of a decision of intense public interest made by a close division of its membership. By a vote of four to three, it sustained the claim of the holder of a patent to such powers of control as, in the judgment of the dissenting judges, constitute an unreasonable extension of monopolistic privilege. The point at issue was the right of the seller of a patent mimeograph machine to compel purchasers to use in connection with it only materials supplied by himself. Apparently, the central point in Justice Lurton's argument sustaining this claim turns on the fact that the patentee could, if he chose, under our law, suppress his patent altogether, neither selling nor permitting any one to use the patented things. Having adverted to this, he goes on to say:

> The market for the sale of such articles to the users of his machines, which by such a condition he takes to himself, was a market which he alone created by the making and the selling of the new invention. Had he kept his invention to himself no ink could have been sold by others for use upon machines embodying that invention. By selling it subject to the restriction he took nothing from others, and in no wise restricted their legitimate market.

That this view is not without color of reason may be admitted; but it is a case of stretching the evil side of a law beyond its necessary consequences, a defect often to be found in judicial decisions.

Remedial legislation following up the decision of the Supreme Court in the patent cases ought not to be allowed to slumber. What the judges so plainly indicated as desirable, Congress should not neglect. Long before the decision of the Court was announced, the possibility of harmful and oppressive monopolies in connection with the sale and use of patents had been foreseen, and bills had been introduced to prevent the evil. Last June, for example, two bills were offered by Representative Thayer of Massachusetts against "restrictions or discriminations in the sale, lease, or license of tools, implements, appliances, or machinery covered by the United States patent laws." By the same Congressman a bill was introduced on January 15, providing for the annulment of patents not made use of within three years from their date. Hearings have been held by the Judiciary Committee on these and similar measures, and a report and recommendations ought soon to be forthcoming. The matter is of the greatest practical importance. Thousands of manufacturers and business men are impatiently waiting for Congress to act, and if nothing is done there will be not only widespread disappointment but suspicion of corruption.

The Congregational minister who is president of the Ohio Constitutional Convention is a new type in our political life. The clergyman in politics has hitherto appeared in a non-official rôle, and almost invariably in connection with what are usually described as "moral" issues—the liquor problem, public gambling, the protection of women and children, and tenement-house reform. From their pulpits the clergy have begun to speak out on public matters that are not so distinctly "moral." The Rev. Henry A. Buchtel was Governor of Colorado from 1907 to 1909, but even Dr. Buchtel attained public office by way of the chancellorship of the University of Denver. Of the able way in which the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow presides over the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention at Columbus, there are no two opinions. His opponents content themselves with asserting that his methods are as "practical" as those of any professional politician, and that he has at his finger ends the science of manipulating caucuses and packing committees. But it is also on record that Dr. Bigelow has repeatedly left the president's chair and by sheer eloquence from the floor has overcome hostile majorities.

Immediate results of the Chicago Civil Service Commission's investigation of the Police Department, now ended, are the dismissal or resignation of twenty-eight policemen, including nineteen inspectors, captains, lieutenants, and sergeants; the closing of numbers of dives and saloons; the abolition of the position of inspector; and clear proof of politics in the Department. The full report of the Commission will come later, but already the sincerity of Mayor Harrison in ordering the investigation has been shown. The work has been accomplished in six months at a cost of $50,000. The wealth of material unearthed by the Commission is illustrated by the fact that only a small part of the evidence regarding police laxity was used in the various trials of accused men. A more attractive picture is the exoneration of four sergeants and twenty-nine patrolmen against whom charges were filed. The Mayor gave no sign of yielding to the political pressure that was put upon him to stop the investigation, and promise of a far-reaching reform is the result.

The Seattle election took place two weeks ago; nevertheless, the actual figures relating to the single-tax vote—which were only very vaguely referred to in the press dispatches—seem to us interesting enough to mention. There were two single-tax propositions submitted, and they were numbers 1 and 2 in the list of 27 propositions to be voted on by the people, so that they had the most favorable possible place for attracting attention. Proposition No. 1, described as a "graduated single-tax plan," was beaten four to one, the vote against it being 31,450 and the vote in its favor 8,032; proposition No. 2, designated as an "immediate single-tax plan," fared better, but yet was beaten more than two to one, the vote being 27,820 to 12,191. As will be seen, the total vote on either proposition scarcely passed 40,000, though the total vote for Mayor was 62,808. In view of the tremendous effort that had been made by the propagandists of the single tax, and the wonderful stories of magical prosperity produced by the move in that direction across the Canadian border at Vancouver, the fact that only 12,000 voters out of the 62,000 that went to the polls yielded to its seductions is highly interesting.

It is easy to believe that Senator Smoot is well within the truth in his

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statements regarding possible savings in the Government Printing Office. Ten million virtually worthless documents in Washington, the accumulation of seventeen years, must be typical of smaller but equally useless collections of the same kind all over the country. Every college library that has been made a depository of Government publications not only discards many of them as soon as they are received, in many cases without going through the formality of opening them, but has whole shelves filled with reports of one sort and another that nobody ever looks into. Even when reverence for the printed page amounts to an obsession, it ought to be possible to draw the line at some of the Government presses. The actual loss due to defective methods of distributing public documents is put at not less than $25,000,000 in the last seventeen years; the loss due to printing matter that should either never have been put in type or issued in small quantities is beyond accurate estimate, but must be immense. One weakness in the existing system is the discretionary power of the Public Printer in the expenditure of a million dollars a year for machinery and material, but the cardinal defect is the publishing and mailing of tons of useless matter. In its seven years' work the Printing Investigating Commission has effected a saving of several million dollars at trifling cost. By means of Senator Smoot's bill, providing for a permanent organization for the Government Printing Office, or otherwise, even greater economies should be assured.

Professions of abhorrence for lynchings and lynchers have been frequently made by individuals and associations. Unfortunately, such declarations have not always been lived up to when mob passion has been aroused. Yet we note with pleasure a plank in the platform which the Republican Convention of Tennessee adopted on Tuesday. It reads:

> We condemn and deplore the anarchy of lynching. No more terrible crime can be conceived and committed than that of the mob which interferes with the orderly processes of justice, takes prisoners from the custody of officers of the law, and visits red-handed and barbaric vengeance upon the heads of untried and unconvicted men. This is not a crime merely against the helpless and miserable victim, but it is an awful outrage upon organized society.

By the death of Rear-Admiral Melville the navy loses one of its ablest and most virile officers. Endowed with an active and original mind, he was for years a bureaucrat who refused to become a mere routine desk-officer or one subservient to the controlling naval influence of the day. Nobody could make him change an opinion once conscientiously held, or silence him by throwing out any suggestions that it would be to his advantage to keep quiet. Thus he stuck to his triple-screw-ship idea when everybody else opposed it. He never conceded that the Maine was blown up from the outside, not even when to think otherwise was almost equivalent to treason. His annual reports as Chief Engineer were models of frank discussion of the questions at issue. He never gave in to the big-navy mania, and only recently he stated again his opinion that the taking of the Philippines was a horrible blunder. Not being a self-advertiser, he was comparatively unknown to the general public. Yet his services as Chief Engineer entitled him to the highest recognition. As for his Arctic services, the history of Polar exploration contains no more moving story than Rear-Admiral Melville's part in the ill-fated De Long expedition, where he acted with clear judgment, dauntless bravery, and determination. It is a fine type of public servant who has thus passed from the scene.

It seems that there are distinctions in the delicate art of city "boosting." For several months we have found many columns in the journals of "greater" cities from Bear Trap, Me., to Orange Pit, Cal., filled with accounts of the prosperity, probity, and push of their citizens, with other alliterative qualities, making them famous above all other towns. Indeed, special "boosters'" editions have been a thriving crop in the South and West. But only recently have we learned that boosting is more than mere noise or display; even more than art. It is an exact science. Dr. George Vincent defined it in Chicago the other day:

> There are three kinds of city boosting, he said, the self-hypnotic, the deprecatory, and the constructive. The hypnotic booster feeds on imagination. He says the city is beautiful, and by dint of constant repetition becomes convinced that it is beautiful. Boosting is the apotheosis of mendacity. The deprecatory booster raises himself by pushing another city down. This is the manifestation of the old gang spirit—the conviction that "my gang is better than yours." The constructive booster elevates real and not imaginary things.

The Germans may be robust in mind and equipped with masculine good sense, but they also have temper, and that temper is apt to be sadly rasped by Mr. Churchill's plain, blunt statement that Great Britain must keep her navy 60 per cent. above Germany's. Let it be admitted that Mr. Churchill spoke good sense. Germany's programme of building ships against England is a hopeless one under any eventualities that can be considered within the range of probability; and undoubtedly it would redound to the benefit of the taxpayers in both countries if the mad competition should slacken or cease. But Mr. Churchill virtually asked the German Government openly to declare itself beaten and drop out of the race; and that is a suggestion which the German temper is hardly capable of receiving with good grace. The British First Lord of the Admiralty is no such novice in politics as to underestimate the necessity of conciliating national susceptibilities. Contrary to what he said, it does require careful negotiation to dispose of so delicate a problem.

No broad significance attaches to last Thursday's attempt upon the life of the Italian King. The popularity of Victor Emmanuel III, always considerable, has grown of late as a result of the revival of national feeling occasioned by the celebration of the semi-centennial of Italian union and by the war with Turkey. There have recently been fervent demonstrations of loyalty in Rome, and such exhibitions of popular feeling tend to encourage counter-demonstrations among the small class of half-demented and physically degenerate fanatics who voice their protests "against the present organization of society" with revolver or dynamite. In general, it may be observed that the anarchism of to-day is drifting away from the crude method of protest by individual assassination. The foe of organized society, anarchism is itself tending towards organization. The anarchistic virus has to a certain extent penetrated into the socialist and labor movements. The euphemistic phrase, "direct action," has grown familiar. But if direct action does employ dynamite and sabotage, it uses them as part of a campaign, not as an instrument for sporadic individual killing.

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A QUESTION OF FUNDAMENTALS.

The resolutions adopted by the Union League Club in New York the other night, condemning the recall of judges and Mr. Roosevelt's plan of "reviewing at the polls the decisions of our highest courts upon Constitutional questions," are couched in strong language. They denounce these projects as "dangerous and revolutionary proposals which threaten to overthrow in a common ruin both justice and freedom." Yet these resolutions were offered as the result of careful deliberation by the club's committee on political reform, were accompanied by an elaborate report, and were adopted without a dissenting voice at the meeting of the club, at which the attendance was of unusual magnitude.

A favorite method of belittling the opposition to a radical proposal like that launched by Mr. Roosevelt is to charge the objectors with extravagance of language. They, it is said, talk of chaos, and anarchy, and the mob, whereas it is quite plain that no such convulsion would be precipitated by the adoption of the proposal. But in a case which involves the fundamentals of government, it matters little whether the language employed by the opponents of an innovation is overstrained or not. The real question is whether they are right or wrong in their conviction that the proposal does actually strike at a vital part of the organization of our government. If they are wrong in this belief, there is nothing more to say; but if they are right, then it is of little pertinence to point out that they might have put their condemnation in more carefully guarded language. When the members of the Union League Club speak of "proposals which threaten to overthrow in a common ruin both justice and freedom," they are not talking about things likely to happen in the next six months, or the next four years; they are expressing, with the energy and emphasis which are natural in such a case, the conviction that to preserve "justice and freedom" permanently, we must have a judiciary independent of popular clamor, and judicial decisions unreversible by popular vote. Not those are shallow and superficial who point to the danger that these changes threaten in the future, but those who, grasping at the first convenient instrument for hastening their immediate ends, ignore the larger elements on which depend the permanent safety and welfare of the country. The sentiment expressed by the Union League Club resolution and by Mr. Taft in his various speeches is, we are convinced, the sentiment of sober Americans generally.

There is in Mr. Roosevelt's proposal a certain wrongheadedness which would make its adoption peculiarly dangerous. In actual operation, it could hardly fail to be far more destructive of the idea of Constitutional restraint than would a proposal to take away altogether from the courts the power of passing on the Constitutionality of legislative acts. If the Legislature were expressly made the final judge in the matter, it would be a solemn matter of conscience, with such of the members as had a full sense of their responsibility, to let no bill pass which, in their judgment, was not in keeping with the Constitution; and indeed it has often been objected to the present system that this sense of responsibility is weakened by the knowledge that the final word is not with the Legislature, but with the courts. But under Mr. Roosevelt's plan there would be an express acknowledgment that the real criterion of Constitutionality was not that furnished by a judicial study of the statute and a comparison of it with the fundamental law, but by the will of the people as it is to be declared in a popular election. A legislator might think in his own heart that a bill was unconstitutional; he might be confident that the courts would so declare; but he might well say to himself that, after all, it is for the people to say whether that was *their* view of the Constitution or not, and it was not for him to interfere. Can it be doubted that this would soon become the normal attitude of Legislatures, when a majority vote of the people had become established as the final arbiter of Constitutional issues?

Now, the wrongheadedness to which we have referred consists in nothing less than forgetting what Constitutions are for. Their paramount object is to prevent the powers that be at a given time from doing what they are inclined to do at that time, if the deliberate judgment recorded in the fundamental law forbids it. The very time that this restraint becomes of importance is the time when the people are strongly bent upon doing the forbidden or questionable thing. Mr. Roosevelt's proposed plébiscite could do nothing more than record this desire once again, as it had already been recorded by the Legislature. Congress, by an overwhelming vote, passed the Civil Rights bill in Andrew Johnson's time; it was passed over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote of both houses. The Supreme Court pronounced it void; but there cannot be a moment's doubt that a popular vote would have triumphantly endorsed the action of Congress. The nation bowed to the Court's decision; and if the question were to come up to-day, after a lapse of more than four decades, the popular vote would be ten to one in favor of the Court and against Congress. But, whether right or wrong, the Court, by its construction of the Constitution, on a matter of immeasurable public importance, squarely blocked a policy which an overwhelming majority of the people were bent upon pursuing. There is no telling when a situation equally grave, and fraught with equally lasting consequences, may arise in the Union at large, or in any State; and, under the principle embodied in Mr. Roosevelt's scheme, the Constitutional barrier would be as though it were not. Under the principle of it, we say; since it is not only the mechanism of the particular scheme, but still more the principle manifestly underlying it, that would work the mischief. For, however much it may be disavowed, that principle is in fact nothing less than the principle that a Constitutional restraint shall operate only with the consent of the majority for the time being; in other words, that the restraint shall be removed at the very time when it is most sorely needed.

STRENGTHENING THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

Nothing more gratifying has happened in Washington for many a day than the prompt response of Congress to the President's request for more power in dealing with the vexed situation on the Mexican border. What he asked for was virtually an amendment of the neutrality laws, enabling him to prevent the shipment of arms and ammunition into Mexico. This is no war measure. It is distinctly a means of preserving peace. Yet Congress showed itself both swift and hearty in acting upon this suggestion by the President. This gives the lie to two contentions which have been

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commonly made: one being that Congress, and especially the Senate, cannot be got to act rapidly; and the other that the only occasion on which House and Senate will unitedly "stand behind" the President is when he asks for fifty or a hundred millions to make ready to go to war.

The case for such action as the President has appealed for and Congress is willing to take is wholy clear. Our existing neutrality laws are inadequate to meet the conditions on the Mexican frontier. The sections of the Revised Statutes of the United States covering the obligations of neutrality have been left behind by modern developments. It is made by law a "high misdemeanor" to fit out or arm vessels for service under a foreign Government or against it, as it is also to set on foot or equip a "military expedition or enterprise" against the rulers or the people of another country; and to the President power is given to use our land or naval forces to prevent these violations of neutrality. The statutes, however, do not cover the sale and shipping of weapons and ammunition to foreign belligerents. In case of actual war, they would, of course, be sold and forwarded subject to seizure as contraband of war. Even as the matter stands in Mexico to-day, such arms are sold and sent on at the owner's or purchaser's risk, since the agents of the Mexican Government would undoubtedly seize them if they could lay hands on them. But the border is long and cannot be thoroughly guarded. The facility with which guns and cartridges can be shipped across is notorious. In effect, this often amounts to much the same thing as equipping a military expedition. The rifles are got over the river at one point, the men at another; on the other side the men get the guns, and the mischief is done.

What President Taft now asks and what Congress has granted is power to prohibit the export of arms and munitions of war, whenever he shall find that "conditions of domestic violence exist in any American country," and also is convinced that such disorder is inflamed and prolonged by ability to obtain military supplies in the United States. There can be no question that such authority would be used discreetly by the President. Nor can there be any question that warrant in law to prevent "gun-running" over the border is what our Government needs in order to cope with the state of affairs along the Mexican line. The duty of the President in the premises is twofold. He should seek to restrain American citizens from meddling in Mexico, and he should strive to render every friendly service possible to a neighboring republic threatened with causeless revolution and something like anarchy. There is, unfortunately, evidence that some Americans are selfishly interested in stirring up trouble in Mexico. The clamor and pressure for intervention by this country have been highly suspicious. If the reports are only half true which say that a fund of $4,000,000 is lying in El Paso banks for the purpose of financing a Mexican insurrection, inquiry ought to be made what Americans have given any part of the money and for what purpose.

On the other side, the general interest of this country surely is that the Madero Government should be able to sustain itself and give to Mexico the assurance of stability. There is much loose talk about the peril of American citizens and investments in Mexico. As to the former, nobody but marauders or crafty revolutionists would harm them, since intelligent Mexicans understand perfectly that the surest way to provoke intervention would be to commit outrages upon Americans. It is this fact which leads observers who have just returned from Mexico to affirm that Americans are safer in that country than any other persons. And as for American capital in Mexico, there is no evidence that it is in danger, while there is, if not evidence, at least a strong suspicion that some American capitalists are scheming to increase the value of their Mexican holdings by forcing an American occupation or annexation. Against their subterranean plans, too, the power which the President has sought from Congress could be effectively used.

ACCIDENTS AND BROKEN RAILS.

The wreck of the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited near Poughkeepsie, last week, as a result of a broken rail, was the fourth railway accident of the present year due to that cause, and a fifth was reported immediately after it from Iowa. That lives were lost in only two of these successive derailings on the Rutland, New Haven, Wabash, New York Central, and Chicago Great Western Railways, is no doubt reassuring. Such immunity is reasonably ascribed to the increasing use of steel passenger cars in place of the old-time wooden cars, where the danger in case of accident came mainly from fire, "telescoping," or flying splinters.

But it will hardly do to trust in such immunity. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its annual report of last December, called attention to the "numerous and startling" increase in accidents due to broken rails. In the year ending with June, 1902, the Commission pointed out, only 78 derailments were thus caused, whereas in 1911 the total was 249. In the past decade, 2,059 accidents were thus accounted for by the Commission, and they resulted in 106 deaths and 4,112 cases of personal injury. In concluding that part of its report, the Commission strongly urged a Governmental investigation of the matter "on purely scientific lines" and not necessarily by the Interstate Commission itself.

The Commission's own experts have already taken up the matter of the Twentieth Century wreck; but we strongly agree with their recommendation of last December that the investigation should be conducted on a larger scale. It is time, in our opinion, that the public at large should know from a thoroughly competent and impartial board of inquiry exactly what is the matter. This is, indeed, all the more necessary, since the discussion is already complicated and obscured by controversy between the rail manufacturers and the railways.

The rail-makers contend, in general, that present-day traffic is too heavy for a rail which used to serve all necessary purposes, and the Interstate Commission itself, in reporting on one accident of last year, suggested that "possibly the maximum weight of power and rolling stock that can safely be used on rails of present-day manufacture has been reached, if indeed it has not been passed." But against this explanation, some railway men allege that the quality of rails turned out to-day is deteriorating, and the statement that last week's broken rail on the New York Central was not of the smaller weight, but was a 112-pound rail, the heaviest nowadays laid down, is of great significance.

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The vice-president of the Great Northern Railway, replying to the argument of the steel manufacturers, lately made this public statement:

> We have found this year that 68-pound rails laid down twelve or thirteen years ago are giving better service than 90-pound rails laid down two or three years ago, and this under exactly the same conditions of traffic.

Mr James J. Hill supplemented this by the statement that "most mills turn out too large a number of rails in a given time. We are still using some Krupp rails made in Germany twenty-two years ago, and they are in better condition than most American rails bought in recent years."

Still more explicitly, in commenting on last month's conference on this very question between steel manufacturers and railway officers, the *Railway Age-Gazette*, a high authority, had this to say:

> One road which recently made a careful analysis of over 500 rail failures found that 95 per cent. of them would have been prevented by good practice in manufacturing. If the trouble is with the specifications it is inexplicable that under the same specifications, one of the Steel Corporation's own largest mills makes rails which break twice as often in proportion as do those made by another of its largest mills. If, on the contrary, rail failures are chiefly due to excessive fast rolling or other defects of mill practice, the fact that the record made by the rails from one of these mills is very much better than that made by those from the other is easily understood.
>
> The Steel Corporation, by the admission of its president, has not been and is not now performing its public duty of making safe rails. His attempt to put the blame on the railways fails, for it was because the steel companies were making poor rails that the railways began insisting on improvements in specifications and mill practice—improvements they have as yet been unable, chiefly because of the monopoly conditions in the steel trade, to obtain.

It will be seen that a further question of very large scope is involved in this last citation—whether quality of output does not suffer as a result of restriction or suppression of free competition in manufacture. Into this question, which concerns many other industries than rail manufactures, and which has highly important bearing on the familiar assertion that the "era of competition is dead" and fortunately so, we do not propose at this time to enter. There will be opportunity enough for that when the question is settled whether or not the pressure on powerful manufacturing combinations to turn out their product hastily, so as to swell volume of output and maintain dividends on an enormous capitalization, was an incidental cause of these recent railway disasters. In any case, a matter in which the safety and life of the travelling public, in every section of the country, are so seriously involved, must be taken up at once by the Government authorities.

SERVING THE PEOPLE FOR PAY.

Dr. Wiley's retirement from the Government service takes place under circumstances which make it impossible to judge to what extent official difficulties and to what extent pecuniary considerations may have influenced his decision. No one will question his motives. After thirty years' faithful labor at Washington he is entitled to consider himself at liberty to serve his private interests as best he can. The Chief Chemist is a man of sixty-eight, though few people would suspect this from the vigor with which he has fought in a good cause. Advancing old age has its claims, and, unfortunately, the United States Government has not yet seen fit to pension the men who have grown gray in its service, as do the English and other European Governments. Thus Dr. Wiley takes his place with the long list of judges who have descended from the bench to resume the practice of law, of Governors who have declined a re-election because their duty to their family—so the common phrase runs—makes it incumbent upon them to find employers who pay better than the State.

But it would be unjust to say that in this matter all the responsibility lies with the State or the nation. When judges and Governors are paid something more than what is just enough to attract mediocre talent, when a system of civil pensions offers public servants a guarantee against old age, it will still remain true that on a mere money basis the Government cannot compete with the private employer in commanding the services of the highest talent in the community. A man of first-rate ability in the Governor's office may be easily worth a million dollars a year to the State, but no Governor will ever receive a salary of one-twentieth that amount; whereas there are corporation lawyers who do approach within comfortable distance of that respectable sum. Evidently, then, other considerations must come into play. And as a matter of fact, they do come into play all the time. Zeal in serving the interests of the people, and the laudable desire for distinction and high office, are constantly bringing into the public employ men who perform their public duties at what we usually describe as a personal sacrifice. The question is whether the force of such motives among us is not growing weaker with time—whether the rise in the standard of living, or the growth of extravagance, as one may prefer to call it, is not exercising a steadily increasing pressure on public officials. The demands of a man's duty to his family are growing more severe until in some instances it should almost seem as though the family were one of the enemies of the State we have to reckon with to-day.

To speak of a good name as being better than riches sounds like copy-book sentiment in this practical age. But one wonders whether the truths that underlie the sentiment have entirely disappeared. When Justice Harlan died last summer leaving behind him an estate of less than ten thousand dollars, there was an outburst of admiration all over the country for this example of republican simplicity and public devotion. It called up Rome "in the brave days of old." The tributes to Judge Harlan's memory were the acknowledgment of a virtue which only a few of us are strong enough to emulate. But we prefer to think that there must still be many boyish souls upon whom the example of Justice Harlan fell with a fine moral glow. We believe that the spectacle of a Governor of New York struggling along bravely on a meagre salary exercises a tonic effect upon the entire body of our citizenship. We are convinced that the old, austere virtues hold an immense appeal for the masses. We find this exemplified to a considerable degree in the person of Mayor Gaynor. In spite of conspicuous defects of temper and judgment, in spite of a formidable talent for making himself ridiculous, it is not to be denied that the Mayor has impressed himself on people of this city by revealing some of those blunt and robust qualities which we also think of as honest qualities—that rasping, Catonian courage we associate with the good old times.

Now, it is true that a man will frequently take risks himself that he refuses to impose upon those who are dear

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to him. Duty to the state will yield before duty to one's family. A loyal public servant may find the memory of his services and his loyalty enough to sustain him in contentment during a meagrely-financed old age; but what of his children? This is a practical question which can be met in a practical way. Putting it very bluntly, a good name can be capitalized. Given the initial advantage of education, is there no value to any young man starting out in life in his father's good reputation? It is not a question of a man finding his problem solved just because he is his father's son, but of more easily obtaining a hearing because he is his father's son. The history of American politics contains many instances of the practical value of a well-known and honored name. Thus in more than one sense the man who gives his best to the country does not leave his children destitute.

The problem is complex with so many factors, personal and public, ethical and prudential, that no man can be criticised for acting up to his own knowledge and his own conscience. One can only regret that bread-and-butter considerations should contribute in any degree towards depriving the country's service of the talents of a man like Speaker Reed, or Dr. Wiley, or—as seemed probable for a time—of Charles E. Hughes. But one would think that there were duties and opportunities from which no material consideration ought to separate a man. Who, at first blush, would not be proud to enjoy the opportunities for magnificent effort and a magnificent reputation that the building of the Panama Canal offered? Here was a task upon which the eye of the world has been fixed from the beginning; even the pay is not bad. Yet the first three men to whom this splendid opportunity was given, one after the other, retired to go into private employ at higher pay.

ANOMALIES IN PICTURE-PRICES.

That veteran critic and collector, Henri Rochefort, lately remarked of the price of pictures that it all *depends* upon the nail on which they hang. To apply the dictum to local conditions, if the nail is driven through the plush of a Fifth Avenue dealer, the dependent picture is appraised in five figures or in six; if the nail is driven through the plaster of some humbler establishment in a side street, the same picture is dear at three or four figures; if the nail belongs to a little dealer or an obscure auctioneer, the picture is worth whatever you will offer for it. In short, almost nobody buys pictures, and the startling prices that are daily recorded in the press are not paid for pictures at all, but for the glamour of accredited salesrooms, the suavity of great dealers, or the notoriety of the former owners.

Some recent events seem to bear out this rather cynical theory that the high prices are a result of pure snobbery. William M. Chase has just sold at auction a lot of canvases collected with the taste of one who is at once a great painter and an accomplished connoisseur. Well, this elect lot of pictures, representing many of the most prized deceased artists, average to bring about three hundred dollars apiece. And here immediately arises a paradox. For three hundred dollars you might perhaps buy some slighter work of a young American exhibitor in the Academy, but it would require several times that sum to buy a work of any American artist of established reputation. That is, at this sale one could have bought good paintings by painters whose fame is already historic for a fraction of the price of current work by actively productive men whose enduring quality is not merely problematical, but obviously doubtful. The conclusion seems clear that most buying of modern painting must rest rather upon friendship or caprice than upon taste, or that there must have been some especial reason why Mr. Chase's treasures brought only a fraction of their value. The inference seems inevitable that in the studio of a mere painter and man of taste they had been hanging upon the wrong sort of nails.

Other recent facts support this interpretation. To name certain sales of the artistic remains of multi-millionaires might be invidious. Suffice it to note that these sales contained many painters, the examples no better, represented in Mr. Chase's collection, and the prices were from five to ten times higher. What made the difference? Why, the knowledge that these multi-millionaire pictures had hung on very expensive nails, the comforting assurance that lots of money had been spent for the pictures themselves, and perhaps a corresponding misgiving that Mr. Chase had bought his fine pictures cheap. The Italians have a proverb about the sweetness of lips that have already been kissed, and clearly the American amateur has somewhat the same predilection for pictures already consecrated by the golden shower.

On the purely economic side the case is worthy of investigation. The enormous prices paid for pictures that happen to be hung on the right nail has actually depreciated the general art market. The great run of fine pictures not technically of the highest rarity bring less to-day than they did twenty years ago. The large dealers flourish while the multitude of little antiquaries who minister to collectors of taste and moderate means find it hard to make a living. For the astute amateur this spells opportunity, for art museums with limited funds it means impotence, for the general art market a degree of demoralization. In twenty years all art objects conventionally "of highest rarity" have appreciated about twenty-fold in price, while, as we have said, the general scale of value for merely fine works of art has probably been considerably lowered. The art market has abolished the comparative degree, and works only in the positive and superlative. The cause of this somewhat grotesque phenomenon is the presence of half-a-dozen collectors, mostly Americans and none of the finest taste. They pay without question any price that is asked for what seems to them a masterpiece, and their competition has sent a narrow line of art values soaring with a speed for which the Stock Exchange itself affords inadequate parallels.

The question is, How long will it last? Even æsthetically active multi-millionaires are mortal, and three or four deaths might knock the bottom out of the present inflated market. Not necessarily, however. There might be sons of like mind, or there might conceivably be new recruits of equally enthusiastic disposition towards the pictures that have hung on the right nail. Yet when it gets about that masterpieces of the most indisputable artistic value have all along been bought off the wrong nails for very moderate prices, the zeal for costly extraneities may wane. If this were to come about, there would certainly be temporary consternation where the right nails are at present driven, but it is hard to see that the

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republic would thereby take either æsthetic or financial harm.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

Soon they came to the top of the hill and Alice saw a large, heavy man with a genial smile standing on the lawn of the White House.

"That," said the Red Knight with a frown, "is a deceptive candidate for the Presidency."

"Why do you call him deceptive?" said Alice.

"Because he always says what he means," replied the Red Knight.

"But that isn't deceiving at all," said Alice.

"Yes, it is," said the Red Knight angrily. "A man like that deceives people's hopes for novelty and excitement. Now *I* am a receptive candidate."

"I don't know what that means, either," said Alice.

"It means," said the Red Knight, "a candidate who receives his views and his principles as he moves along. I am also a perceptive candidate because I am as quick as lightning at perceiving which way the wind blows. Furthermore, I am an inceptive candidate, and a susceptive candidate, and an acceptive candidate. That big man you see over there is my friend. But he has queer notions about some things. For instance, he says he'd rather be a White Knight than be President."

"Aren't you going to say 'Good morning' to him, if he is your friend?" said Alice.

"Oh, no," said the Red Knight. "I never do things like other people. I treat my friends and my enemies alike. I give them all a square deal."

"It seems to me, then," said Alice, "that what you want to do is to walk over and shake hands and say 'I hope you are feeling quite well, and here is a square deal for you.' "

"That would never do," said the Red Knight. "When I give a friend a square deal, I give it to him between his shoulder-blades, especially if he has broad shoulders like this man in front of us."

"I don't see that the size of the man's shoulders has anything to do with it," said Alice.

"That is because you have forgotten your geometry," said the Red Knight. "If you hadn't, you'd know that a square deal on the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the square deals on the other two sides."

"Sometimes," said the Red Knight, "a situation arises where mere words will not do at all. Look at this paper, for instance."

"It's a telegram, isn't it?" said Alice.

"A special night-letter," said the Red Knight. "It's from the Prime Minister of Kansas. It says: 'When you take a third cup at breakfast, do you drink coffee like the plain people, or cocoa like the enemies of progress?' Now, words alone could not express my views on the subject. The only way I can answer this highly important question is like this."

And then, to Alice's astonishment, the Red Knight descended from his horse and stood up straight in the air on his hands, as Alice had frequently seen her little brother do in the back-yard at home.

"On the one hand," said the Red Knight lifting his right arm from the ground and tipping dangerously to the left, "I believe that the right of the common people to drink coffee in the morning is inalienable, and if the Constitution is in the way, it should be recalled. On the other hand," suiting his action to the word and tipping dangerously to the right, "if some people are put upon a cocoa diet by doctor's orders, they should be at liberty to drink cocoa even if they are rich. I think," concluded the Red Knight as he got to his feet quite breathless and very red in the face, "that the Prime Minister of Kansas will henceforth know how I stand upon the subject."

"I didn't know you were so clever at gymnastics," said Alice with sincere admiration.

"Oh, I am," said the Red Knight with an air of justified pride. "I am the only man in the country who can sit between two stools without touching either or falling to the ground."

"I don't see how anybody can do that," said Alice.

"I do it by sitting on my record," said the Red Knight.

ARE THE ENGLISH CRITICAL?—I.

Some rather large claims have been made of late for English literary criticism. A main purpose of Professor Saintsbury, for example, in writing his general "History of Criticism" was plainly to depreciate French criticism and critics, notably Boileau, and to exalt English criticism and critics, notably Dryden, Johnson, and Coleridge. "One of my subordinate (and not so very subordinate) objects in writing the larger book," he avows in his "History of English Criticism,"* "was to vindicate our literature from the charge of being second-hand and second-rate in this matter." Both the general History as well as this new volume, which is mainly extracted from it, strike one as examples of conscious, and even more perhaps of unconscious, chauvinism.

It would perhaps be possible to make allowance for Professor Saintsbury's personal and racial sympathies and antipathies, and so get the benefit of that "vastly extensive learning" for which Lord Morley rightly praises him, were it not that the sympathies and antipathies often color not merely his interpretation of the facts, but his statement of them. Thus he says that "Dryden declined to bow the knee to William of Orange, while Boileau persistently grovelled at the feet of William's enemy." A reader dependent on Professor Saintsbury would infer that Boileau was a greater flatterer than Dryden. If Boileau praises Louis XIV, he is, of course, merely doing what virtually all the writers of his time did, and did sincerely, just as Spenser and the other men of his age were still more extravagant in their praise of Elizabeth. It is typical of Professor Saintsbury's method that without vouchsafing any explanation, he should arrive at an estimate of Boileau almost diametrically opposed to that of Sainte-Beuve, who, on his own showing, is the great authority here, the man who knew the seventeenth century as no one else has known it; and that with an equal absence of explanation Professor Saintsbury should depart in important respects from Johnson's estimate of Dryden, though Johnson, again, on his own showing, is not only a great critic, but at his very best in his "Life of Dryden." Boileau's stern integrity in general, even in his dealings with Louis XIV, is beyond question, whereas of Dryden's relation, not merely to one, but to many patrons, Johnson remarks that "in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation, I know not whether, since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled." One would be ashamed to mention facts so familiar were it not that Professor Saintsbury, who ranks to-day almost as the official critic of England, has seen fit to obscure them.

I.

I believe that a truly judicial comparison of the English achievement in the critical field with the achievement of other countries, especially France, would lead to conclusions curiously different from those of Professor Saintsbury. Pope said that "critic learning flourished most in France." This saying would seem about as true for the period that has followed Pope as for the period that preceded him. England has had, of course, a number of great critics, but the *genre* itself has occupied a somewhat secondary place in English literature. In criticism the English have always been more or less derivative and parasitic. For the best part of a century they took their theories of art ready made from the Continent; and then with the Restoration the French influence, or rather another form of the French influence, supervenes. According to Addison, "a few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate, heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic." Later the Germans displace the French. Hazlitt complains of "those among us who import heavy German criticism into this country in shallow, flat-bottomed unwieldy intellects." Still later, Matthew Arnold makes clear, at least, his own affiliations when he says that Sainte-Beuve has a position of supremacy in literary criticism of the same order as that of Homer in poetry. In short, English criticism is largely a history of foreign

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influences. In this field the English have been constant borrowers, and only occasional lenders. Certain English critical works, notably Addison's papers on Milton and Burke's "Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful," acted on Germany in the eighteenth century—works that, though marking the maximum of English critical influence abroad, are in themselves somewhat second-rate performances, even judged by the standard of the best English criticism.

Not only has English literary criticism been comparatively uninfluential on other countries, it has been comparatively uninfluential on English literature itself. Nothing is more striking in French literature, on the other hand, than the intimate relation that has always existed between criticism and creation. The first important piece of modern French criticism, Du Bellay's "Defence and Ennoblement of the French Language," sets forth the conception of literature and poetry that Ronsard and the other members of the Pléiade actually tried to practice. Later on, the more narrowly classical school of French poetry takes its rise, or, as Sainte-Beuve puts it, struggles painfully forth from a man who was a critic rather than a true poet, Malherbe; and this, of course, indicates a weakness as well as a strength. Examples might be multiplied of the way in which an important creative movement in France has been preceded or attended by an important movement in criticism. In England, criticism and creation have too often worked at cross-purposes, or the same man has worked at cross-purposes with himself, according as he has been criticising or creating. For example, the requirements that Sir Philip Sidney lays down for the drama in his "Defence of Poesy" are very nearly the opposite of what one finds in the actual drama of the time. The Elizabethan critics are always harping on the need of observing decency, *i. e.*, decorum, in plays, whereas the Elizabethan dramatists no less constantly violate decency both in their sense of the word and ours. At bottom, there is an unreconciled gap between the critical theories of the Renaissance, based on the dogma of classical imitation, and the romantic spontaneity of the English imagination.

The opposition between English genius and foreign rules is also felt during the later period of French influence. We may note that with the advent of this influence at the Restoration we have about the first serious attempts to criticise contemporary writers, and very nearly at the same time the rise of a class of professional critics. "Till of late years," says Rymer, "England was as free from critics as it is from wolves, that a harmless, well-meaning book might pass without any danger." An Elizabethan playwright did not have to reckon, as did the playwright of the Restoration, with professional critics in this sense.

> To poison plays, I see some where they sit,
> Scattered, like ratsbane, up and down the pit,

says the author of the Epilogue to Congreve's "Mourning Bride."

Now, the critics who had thus come into existence were as a class formalists; their influence made for a tradition of sound prose, but the critical creed they had adopted allowed very insufficiently for the free play, and even for the very existence, of the creative imagination; and that is why we find in Dryden, the representative critic of this age, a constant struggle between his pursuit of the new formal correctness and his admiration for the achievements of the great Elizabethans, the "giant race before the flood." The opposition is very well brought out in his saying that all Spenser needed to be a true epic poet was "to have read the rules of Bossu." In the eighteenth century Johnson did succeed in formulating the neo-classical point of view with a certain consistency in that masterpiece of English prose, the "Lives of the Poets." But he thereby put himself out of touch with the creative forces of his own age which were once more beginning to run towards romanticism, and at the same time he missed much of what was most poetical in the English literature of the past. Of the fifty-two poets whose lives he has written we should recognize only about half-a-dozen as having been poets in our modern sense at all; and in several of these Johnson depreciates precisely what we should regard as most poetical. In short, England has never had a great critic like Boileau, whose work is in intimate sympathy and accord with a great creative literature, itself responsive to the main currents of national life.

II.

"The edicts of an English Academy," says Dr. Johnson, "would probably be read by many, only that they might be sure to disobey them." This aversion of the English for an institution like the French Academy is due, according to Matthew Arnold, to the fact that they are on the side of the man of genius as against everything that would seem to curtail his imaginative freedom in the name of a central standard. I believe this aversion of the English is due to another cause besides their more imaginative temper, which we may define as their love of humor and humors. We sometimes hear in this country the charge that the English are lacking in a sense of humor. If we are to judge from their literature, we should have to conclude, on the contrary, that they are the greatest race of humorists the world has ever seen. The Englishman likes everybody to abound in his humor, and is always partial to a genial idiosyncrasy. He feels affection for a man who is an "original," as people used to say, or as we should say nowadays, a "character." Virtue itself, as Addison tells us, is endeared to the Englishman by being combined with a certain flavor of oddity. Dryden is one of the first to note this predilection of the English for humor; but perhaps Sir William Temple brings out the point still more clearly in his "Essay on Poetry." "We have more originals" (than other countries), says Temple, "and more that appear what they are; we have more Humour, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to show it." The fact is possibly significant of deep differences of national temper that the word humor (*humeur*) when taken by itself has come in French to mean ill humor, and in English good humor. The Frenchman sees things intellectually from the point of view of the central standard, or if he departs from the standard it is in the name of some logical standard of his own. In either case he lashes with ridicule those who deviate from the norm; in other words, he is naturally a wit. The Englishman is no less naturally a humorist both in the older and the more recent sense of the word—that is, both in the sense of the man who abounds freely in his own humors, and in that of the man who renders with genial sympathy the humors of others. From the Prologue of the "Canterbury Tales" to a novel of Dickens, illustrated by Cruikshank, England has had a series of humorous masterpieces the like of which is not to be found in any other literature.

Even the English eighteenth century, which might seem at first glance an age of smug conformity and correctness, is extraordinarily rich in originals. One of the characters in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" announces with delight that he has discovered a family made up entirely of originals. The rich humorousness of the time also appears in the drawings of Hogarth and the Letters of Horace Walpole. A great humorous creation like Squire Western is taken from the very heart of English life. In the contempt Western expresses for lords and the court set in general, "Hanoverian rats," as he calls them, he is to be contrasted with the French *hobereau*, or country squire of the period, who felt himself ridiculous if he were not aping Versailles. Arnold rightly comments on the inferiority of Addison as a literary critic to La Bruyère, on Addison's intellectual lukewarmness, and lack of centrality. But La Bruyère has created no character comparable to Sir Roger de Coverley. In short, La Bruyère is vastly superior to Addison as a critic, but very inferior to the Englishman in geniality and humor.

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III.

English literature, then, has possessed in a preëminent degree imaginative fervor, geniality, and humor. It has also possessed preëminently moral earnestness. Now, it is desirable that the critic should on occasion show geniality and humor, and it is still more important that he should be imaginative and morally in earnest. But all of these virtues are not primarily critical, and so it comes about that much that is most admirable in English literary criticism is admirable for virtues that are only secondarily critical. For example, Sir Philip Sidney succeeds in throwing the golden glow of his imagination over the stalest commonplaces of Renaissance criticism, and in his "Timber or Discoveries," Ben Jonson succeeds in bestowing upon these same commonplaces moral weightiness. Both Sidney and Jonson are almost entirely lacking in critical originality. Take again Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." In this work Dr. Johnson shows himself a great and genuine critic, but he shows even more greatness as a moralist. What most interests us in the "Lives of the Poets" is not the literary judgments—they are often flagrantly inadequate—but the profound and somewhat melancholy wisdom of life. We may go further and say that Johnson the moralist often prevails too completely over Johnson the critic. "The poems of Dr. Watts," says Johnson, "were by my recommendation inserted in the late collection, the readers of which are to attribute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden." We cannot conceive of Boileau allowing his love of edification to triumph so completely over his literary sense. If the critical thus yields to the moralizing vein, even in so genuine a critic as Dr. Johnson, what are we to expect in lesser Englishmen? I am enough of an Aristotelian to believe that the excess of any virtue becomes a vice. Moral earnestness, acting in a mechanical and one-sided way, has often been fatal among men of our race, not merely to literary criticism, but to art and literature themselves, and in general to that whole side of life that is associated with the sense for beauty. The Middle Ages were artistic, even if they were not critical; but in the atmosphere of Puritanism, both art and literatue, as well as the criticism of art and literature, were well-nigh impossible. Carlyle was only faithful to the spirit of his Calvinistic forbears when he expressed his wish that the devil might fly away with the fine arts.

There are also examples in English of the way in which a certain imaginative and emotional excess has been fatal to critical judgment. Perhaps it would not be possible to find in any other literature a man so gifted as Ruskin and at the same time so whimsical and intellectually irresponsible. Few things again, are so contrary to the true critical temper as the extraordinarily narrow emotional vehemence of Carlyle.

We should also note that various periods of English criticism, especially one of the most brilliant of all, the period of Coleridge and De Quincey and Hazlitt, have been poisoned by the intrusion of an element that may in its proper place and measure be a virtue, namely, the passion of party and politics. "This political criticism," says Hazlitt, thinking especially of Gifford and the *Quarterly Review*, "is a *caput mortuum* of impotent spite and dulness till it is varnished over with the slime of servility and thrown into a state of unnatural activity by the venom of the most rancorous bigotry." Yet Hazlitt has shown in his own "Letter to William Gifford" that the rancor of the Jacobin may be at least equal to the rancor of the Tory.

IV.

It has been assumed in all that has been said hitherto that the chief virtue of the critic is a certain poise or balance. If, as Tennyson was fond of asserting, a true critic is an even rarer apparition than a true poet, the reason doubtless is that it is harder to find a man who is balanced than one who is inspired. The writer or artist who is creative in the narrower sense of the word is usually too much imprisoned in his own gift to have this critical poise. When Poe, for example, says that the perfect poem must have not much more and not much less than a hundred lines, and that the most poetical subject in the world is the death of a beautiful woman, we simply smile and think of "The Raven." The true critic, on the other hand, has to have a knowledge and sympathy broad enough to compass all the modes of literary expression, and then—an even more difficult task—he must bring this knowledge and sympathy under the control of the strictest judgment. Only in this way can he hope to render a verdict that will finally be ratified by the good sense of the world. For if the French neo-classical definition of genius, as only sublimated good sense, is too narrow for genius in general, it is admirably adequate for the genius of the critic.

To say of a critic that he has poise and good sense is merely a way of saying that his point of view is not peripheral, but central. The romantic critic would expand in knowledge and sympathy, and this is well; but he would do nothing but expand, and so comes, like Professor Saintsbury, to identify judgment with appreciation and enjoyment (p. 415). Judgment and appreciation, however, do not move in the same, but in opposite directions; they belong respectively to the centripetal and the centrifugal powers of personality. The real test of the critic is his ability to mediate between these extremes; to have the appreciation and at the same time the back pull towards the centre. Without this mediation he will attain, not judgment and taste, but merely romantic gusto, joined, it may be, as in the case of Professor Saintsbury, to "vastly extensive" though not always accurate learning.

Professor Saintsbury would have us believe that we cannot react from the purely expansive virtues without becoming dogmatists; that concentration is not possible without contraction; that our only choice is between formalism and unrestraint, between the neo-classic narrowness and "falling," as he has so happily phrased it, "for ever and for ever through the romantic void." But the time may come when people will refuse to accept this vicious dilemma. If it should appear that the process of moving towards the centre may be as intuitive, as free from mere formalism, as the opposite process, the romantic flank will be turned and the way opened for an entirely different order of criticism. In the meanwhile, Professor Saintsbury is going on repeating eagerly half-truths that might have been a useful counter-irritant a century or so ago to the current conventionality and lack of perceptiveness, but which are an encouragement to the men of today to fall in the direction in which they already lean, that is, to plunge still more deeply into anarchy and impressionism.

Irving Babbitt.

Correspondence

ROOSEVELT'S PLEDGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial of February 29, on "The Heavy Responsibility," you appear unwilling to credit Mr. Roosevelt with anything like sincerity of purpose in the course which he has pursued. You refer to him as "intriguer" and "secret plotter." That he has for months been conducting "a long and despicable intrigue," you regard as now proven beyond doubt. Permit me to remind you at once that in making such allegations concerning a gentleman of Mr. Roosevelt's character and standing, you assume, indeed, quite a "heavy responsibility." Is not Mr. Roosevelt's life-long record of truth and candor such as to make the truth of your aspersions seem entirely improbable?

Your indictment of Mr. Roosevelt is, in brief, that he has broken solemn pledges, made to the American people, that he would, under no circumstances, again become a candidate for the Presidency. Now, as a matter of fact, can the several declarations made by Mr. Roosevelt regarding the Presidency be interpreted as pledges to the

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American people, or, for that matter, to any one? Why should he, on retiring from an office in which he had made his name famous the world around, make solemn pledges that he would never again seek that office! Was he such a scourge to the country, was he so feared and so hated that pledges must needs be exacted from him to the effect that he would not again accept a Presidential nomination? He was under no such compulsion. His declarations can be construed in no other sense than as expressing his own personal desire not to undertake the burdens of this high office again. But even assuming for the moment that Mr. Roosevelt had pledged his word not again to become a candidate for the Presidency, altered circumstances and conditions in the country might make it perfectly proper for him to disregard such pledge. He is now the only logical leader of the progressive forces of his party, and in assuming that leadership and standing for the Presidential nomination, he ought, in all fairness, to receive credit for acting upon the strength of his conviction that in yielding to the persuasions of the Progressives he was obeying a call to duty.

A goodly portion of the Republican party, if not of the people regardless of party, are welcoming Mr. Roosevelt's advent into the field with enthusiasm, and to these persons your animadversions on the score of breach of faith, etc., mean absolutely nothing. The real question is the merit of the Progressive movement, and of Theodore Roosevelt as its leader.

F. W. Dickey.

Cleveland, O., March 6.

RURAL AND URBAN NEW ENGLAND IN THE CENSUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The population bulletins of the thirteenth census for the several States have been awaited with much interest, for many reasons. Among others, it was believed that from them bearings might be taken from which to determine the rate and direction of the current of our population, whether from the country cityward, or from city to country. Nowhere have the effects of the trend cityward been more striking than in New England, and nowhere is the counter-movement said to be running more strongly. An examination of the bulletins for the New England States, however, fails to add much to our knowledge in this particular. Indeed, their contents are quite misleading, not to say positively incorrect.

In addition to the usual tables of population by counties and minor civil divisions, there are maps showing by counties the increase or decrease and the density of population. In one respect, these maps are a source of regret. In New England less uniformity exists both in the increase or decrease, and in the density of population within the same county, than in other parts of the country. This happens because prosperous manufacturing districts have sprung up in the same county with decadent agricultural neighborhoods, sparsely inhabited and decreasing in density. Hence, the true conditions would have been made more evident by taking towns for units rather than counties. It must be remembered that in the bulletins, as well as in these observations, the word "town" is used in its special sense as virtually synonymous with "township."

For census purposes, urban population is defined by the bureau as "that residing in cities and other incorporated places of 2,500 inhabitants or more." This definition serves in other parts of the country with sufficient exactness, but not in New England. In the three States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island village incorporation is virtually non-existent; in Maine and Connecticut it is found to a limited extent, while in Vermont it may be said to be in general use.

Appreciating the difficulty, the census authorities state that "in the New England States, in addition to cities having this population, all towns having a population of 2,500 or more have also been classed as urban, without regard to the population of the villages (whether incorporated as such or not), which they may contain," and also that, on account of the few instances of incorporation, "it is not practicable in the New England States to make a statistical separation of the actual villages from the towns in which they are located." The result is that the "urban areas" in New England include some population which in other sections of the United States would be segregated as "rural."

A few examples will reveal the extent of the error involved. Among the towns in Rhode Island classed in the census as "urban" is Scituate, which has an area of fifty-three square miles, and a population density of sixty-six to the square mile. Its 3,493 inhabitants are scattered in seven small villages, and over a rough and decadent farming country, but nowhere approaching urban conditions. In some Massachusetts towns there is one central group of people living under conditions somewhat urban in character; but there are in every town many, and in some of them hundreds, if not thousands, living in rural surroundings. Typical of such conditions are Middleborough, Bridgewater, Amherst, Barnstable, Plymouth, and Winchendon. There are still other towns in which there is no compact group whatever; for example, Dartmouth and Westport, each with an average population density of less than sixty. New Hampshire, with a much lower population density, has fewer towns of 2,500 inhabitants than the States above mentioned, but here the classification is not less misleading. In fact, it may safely be said that in the fifteen towns in the "urban" class a somewhat greater proportion of the population is really rural than in Massachusetts towns of similar size.

Of the twenty-one organized villages in the State of Maine, only four are of the "urban" class. The "urban" towns, exclusive of the four "urban" villages, contain a population of 119,195. It is conservative to say that not more than one-third of these people really live under urban conditions, and that more than 75,000 persons, or nearly 10 per cent. of the State's population, have been classified as urban when they are really rural. In Vermont, where the custom of incorporation is more general, the total error is greater than in Maine though more easily detected. The population of "urban" towns is 109,958, while that of the nine "urban" corporate villages is 39,932. This leaves 70,026, or above 16 per cent. of the population of the State, falsely termed urban.

In Connecticut neither the city nor the borough is a primary civil division, but lies within and forms a part of some town. In such cases the whole town and not merely the city or borough part is rated as "urban." Killingly, containing the Borough of Danielson, with a population of 2,934, has its remaining 3,630 inhabitants distributed over about fifty square miles, with an average density of seventy-two. Salisbury, without an organized borough, and with but two or three small villages, has its 3,522 "urban" inhabitants spread over sixty square miles of territory. After deducting the number of persons in cities and boroughs of above 2,500 population, in Connecticut, there remain 269,042 persons living outside the cities and boroughs, but classed as "urban." It cannot be said, in the absence of exact statistics, how many compact groups of 2,500 people there are among these, but from evidence available it seems certain that the aggregate population of all such groups would not exceed 25,000 persons. This leaves more than 240,000, or more than 21 per cent. of the State's population, who have no claim to be counted as urban though they have been so enumerated in the census.

Frank G. Bates.

Providence, R. I., March 14.

THE SPELLING-BOOK IN COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The plaint of Mr. Bellows (*Nation*, February 29) will find echoes in the hearts of many college teachers of English composition. I dare say he knows that the spelling-book, if not the spelling-bee, has been introduced into at least one of our great universities. In time, no doubt, the grammar and the first reader will follow, to the end that the secondary schools may be left comparatively free to conduct their multiple pedagogical experiments. The situation, of course, would be simplified if these schools, completely taking over the twofold office of pleasing children and preparing them for life, were to leave the universities in undisturbed possession of the three R's and other educational austerities. For the present, secondary and, we may add, primary education stand condemned in college rhetoric courses on more counts than one. It appears there that mental visions which have been trained on the main chance from the first peep of the intellectual day, can only with the greatest difficulty be focussed on objects of non-vocational value. If the capital ends of education are mental training and a disinterested concern for things of the mind, then the central reason for complaint would seem to be that much of our preparatory education does not educate.

H. S. V. J.

Urbana, Ill., March 13.

WASHINGTON'S CHERRY TREE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It was a surprise to me to see Mr. Norris, in your columns (February 29), trace back the story of George Washington and the cherry tree to a real event. It goes back indirectly to the Seven Wise Masters. As I have not the English transla-

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tion at hand, I give a short résumé of the Italian version ("Il Libro dei Sette Savj di Roma," 1864, p. 43):

The mother of a young wife wishes her to try the patience of her husband. She advises her inexperienced daughter to cut down her husband's favorite tree, just to see what he will do about it. One day when the husband is absent, the young woman, as the servants refuse, takes the hatchet, cuts the tree herself, and carries the firewood thus obtained into the house. On being surprised by her husband, she explains the matter by saying that, expecting him to return home all chilled, and knowing that there was no firewood in the house, she had cut down the tree for the purpose. The husband recognizes his favorite tree, but forgives his wife because she has acted for his sake. JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., March 15.

ST. BERNARD AND NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter published in the *Nation* of March 7, Prof. Albert S. Cook seems to me to have fallen into deeper error than when he criticised Mr. Taylor for suggesting in "The Mediæval Mind" that St. Bernard had no eye for nature. "Among the works printed by Dr. Eales in his translation as St. Bernard's," says Mr. Cook, "is one concerning the site of the abbey of Clairvaux ('Life and Works of St. Bernard,' II, 460-467)." And Mr. Cook proceeds to give certain florid extracts from this writing as evidence of St. Bernard's delight in nature.

St. Bernard was not the author of the writing from which these extracts were taken, neither does Dr. Eales intimate that he was. Dr. Eales must have known that the writing was not St. Bernard's, for he was translating from Mabillon's edition (followed by Migne) of St. Bernard's works and the contemporary or somewhat later Latin literature relating to him. The original of Dr. Eales's translation is entitled "Descriptio positionis seu situationis monasterii claræ-vallensis," and is printed in Migne's Patrologia Latina, Tome 185, Col. 569-574, where it is not placed among even the doubtful writings of the Saint, but with the works of other men who wrote about him or his monastery. It is the work of some pious cicerone, who (at least, as I should surmise) belonged to a later generation. J. H.

New York, March 14.

THE RECALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You commend the "sober words" of Gov. Harmon before the Kentucky Legislature, "when he said that the ultimate force behind the movement for the initiative, referendum, and recall was supplied by the shortcomings of the man in public office."

Having studied at close range the movement referred to, and the trend of laws passed in response to the demand for a direct appeal to the people, I am convinced that Gov. Harmon has confused cause and consequent. The movement for the initiative, referendum, and recall, as I view it, is rather a protest against the frequent betrayal of public trust by shrewd manipulators of nominating conventions, in the interests of candidates whose after "shortcomings" are measured only by their opportunities for betrayal.

While the inauguration of these reforms will not result in the total elimination of betrayals of public trust, it will surely minimize the evil, by imposing upon individual voters an individual responsibility well-nigh lost in the delegate convention, and by placing in their hands an adequate weapon of protest and defence, as a working substitute for the manipulated party convention. JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

State Library, Des Moines, Ia., March 12.

Literature

SOUTH AMERICA.

The Incas of Peru. By Sir Clements R. Markham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

South America of To-day. By Georges Clemenceau. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Brazil. By Pierre Denis. Translated with an historical chapter by Bernard Miall and a supplementary chapter by Dawson A. Vindin. New York: Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Argentina. By W. A. Hirst. Introduction by Martin Hume. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Argentina, Past and Present. By W. H. Koebel. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4 net.

Argentina and Her People of To-day. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3 net.

The Wilds of Patagonia. By Carl Skottsberg. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Peru of the Twentieth Century. By Percy F. Martin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

Sir Clements Markham's somewhat disappointing book is the result of a long lifetime of careful, painstaking research and some personal acquaintance with Peru. Sir Clements had the good fortune to make a journey from Lima to Cuzco when he was a young officer in the British navy. Later, he journeyed into the interior of Peru to gather chinchona plants for transplanting to India. Since then, as it is hardly necessary to say, he has become master of all the available original authorities on Inca civilization, has edited a dozen of the Hakluyt Society's volumes dealing with the earliest Spanish expeditions and chronicles, and has written several books on Peru. For more than sixty years he has been a student of Inca history. Accordingly, we have the right to expect great things of this, his valedictory.

In the first place, Sir Clements has given us a remarkable exposition of the empire of the Incas and its growth. There is nothing so good elsewhere, although he has placed too much reliance on purely documentary evidence. It is unfortunate that since his return from Peru, nearly fifty years ago, Sir Clements has not had the opportunity to revisit that country and combine his extensive literary researches in early Peruvian history with archæological field work. There is too little appreciation of actual conditions. In this he falls behind Mr. Bandelier's work on the islands of Titicaca and Koati, although naturally he is more trustworthy than Prescott.

Readers who are looking for an account of the conquest of Peru will be disappointed, as well as those who would like to pursue the subject in detail through direct references to chapter and page in the original authorities. The book is intended for popular reading. There are few footnotes and a good many *obiter dicta*. Peculiar and unusual spelling of common Peruvian place-names make it difficult to follow the text, even on the very excellent map which accompanies the volume. The full and satisfactory index is nevertheless an illuminating commentary to use in connection with a study of the Quichua tongue. Sir Clements's unrivalled knowledge of the language of the Incas has led him into a somewhat too frequent use of Quichua words. To be sure, he usually translates them, but it mars the style.

The main interest in the book lies in the author's attitude towards that ancient civilization which has for years charmed readers of Prescott. Sir Clements's bias towards the subject is well shown by the following quotation:

> The Incarial system of government bears some general resemblance to a very beneficent form of Eastern despotism such as may have prevailed when Jamshid ruled over Iran. There was the same scheme of dividing the crops between the cultivator and the state, the same patriarchal care for the general welfare; but, while the rule of Jamshid was a legend, that of the Incas was an historical fact. The Incarial government finds a closer affinity in the theories of modern socialists; and it seems certain that, under the very peculiar condition of Peru when the Incas ruled, the dreams of Utopians and socialists became realities for a time, being the single instance of such realization in the world's history (p. 166).

Although it is true that some of the Spanish chroniclers give a basis for such opinions, many conservative students of American ethnology will not be willing to agree with these conclusions. Sir Clements is a bit too ready to look at his heroes through very rosy glasses. He naturally believes that the condition of the people under the Incas procured for them a large amount of material comfort and happiness. Had he been more recently in

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Peru, and made a careful study of geographic influence on environment, he might have abated some of his enthusiasm. As it is, he feels that the world will never see again the delightful form of state socialism which he believes existed in Peru.

Sir Clements continues to hold his firm belief in the genuineness of the original Inca drama. The play of Ollantay is again reprinted as an appendix. To a student of comparative literature, its plot and *dramatis personæ* smack rather too strongly of sixteenth or seventeenth-century Spain.

Notwithstanding all its drawbacks, "The Incas of Peru" deserves to find a place in every library, alongside of Squier's "Peru" and Prescott's "Conquest." No book can compare with it for a comprehensive summary of Inca geography, history, polity, religions, and customs.

Of the other books on our list we must speak more briefly. Ten years ago any one who should have ventured to predict the extraordinary interest in modern South America evident in the United States to-day would have been called either an enthusiast or a fool. For years it was difficult to refer an inquirer to a satisfactory book in English on any particular South American republic. There were, to be sure, books like Frank Carpenter's "South America," telling of that country's commercial development. There were Akers's "History of South America from 1854 to 1904," much too full of names and dates for the beginner, and Dawson's "South American Republics," equally unsatisfactory for those who had already acquired what the larger encyclopædias had to tell them. But for the past two years we have been fairly deluged, not only with official propaganda from the Pan-American Bureau and the various publicity stations maintained by the more advanced republics, but also with the output of publishers. The series brought out by Fisher Unwin and imported by Scribners includes volumes on "Peru," "Chile," and "Uruguay," besides the two on "Brazil" and "Argentina" here reviewed. It is not to be wondered at that there are more books dealing with Argentina than with any other republic. Her economic superiority is so apparent, and her capital city so marvellous that even those who care little about the other countries are demanding specific information regarding this wealthy young giant of the South. The one thing that is borne home to the American reader is the folly of our Monroe Doctrine as applied to such countries as Argentina and Brazil. It does them no good; and it actually hurts us.

The book which by reason of its distinguished author will command the widest attention is not so broad as its title indicates. M. Clemenceau only visited the east coast, and his study of the "South America of To-day" is limited to a somewhat cursory view of Argentina, with impressions of Uruguay and Brazil. He kept no notes of his journey and finds it annoying to record his impressions at the precise moment when one feels them most vividly and when they are of most value to a possible future audience. His remarks frequently give the impression that this distinguished statesman who was so enthusiastically received in Latin-America enjoyed laughing in his sleeve; at other times much of the possible irony seems to be more probably an attempt to make adequate return for hospitality. It should also not be forgotten by readers of this volume that there is a strong effort now making in France to capture that extremely desirable market on the east coast, where Brazil and Argentina have a trade balance in their favor of hundreds of millions of francs. Nevertheless, every one interested in the present condition of Argentina will wish to read this book.

Brazil has had to wait for many years to get recognition in English literature of travel. The delay has not, however, been in vain. It is not too much to say that Prof. Pierre Denis's work is the most remarkable member of Scribner's series. It differs from the other volumes in having less history and more description, but both history and philosophy are interwoven in this penetrating study. M. Denis is an unusual traveller. Not only can he discuss such relatively dry topics as "money and exchange" with vividness, he is equally capable of handling the geographical aspects of the colonization of the Paraná valley. He appreciates the extraordinary power of expansion of the "colonial" population of Brazil. German, Polish, and Italian colonists are accomplishing astonishing and repeated conquests. The fertility of their families is amazing. The author's insight into race movements is noteworthy, as is also his handling of recent Brazilian history. The weak point in the book is the evidence that M. Denis did not visit the Amazon Valley. Nevertheless, his study of the little-known state of Ceará is a unique contribution. It is impossible within the limits of this review to call attention to the many excellent features of his really remarkable book. It will appeal not only to historians and geographers, but to every one interested in the present and future of Brazil. The maps are unusually good.

The best book on Argentina is Mr. Hirst's. It is a pleasure to find a writer on Spanish America who realizes that the conquering and colonizing Spaniards were not bloodthirsty fiends. It is still more noteworthy when one is found willing to remark that Spanish colonial policy was in some respects "statesmanlike and even humane according to the standards of the time." Mr. Hirst makes no pretence at erudition, and does not even include all the best-known sources of information, yet his compilation is very useful. The historical chapters are done in an appreciative rather than a destructive spirit. There is a bibliography which, as might be expected from a stanch Britisher, overlooks most recent American contributions to Argentine history, such as Professor Moses's excellent "South America on the Eve of Emancipation" and Professor Paxson's "Independence of the South American Republics." As a result, Mr. Hirst's chapter on the war of emancipation is not nearly so good as it might have been. He fails to appreciate the part played by the Argentine patriots in spreading revolutionary doctrines. Their repeated efforts to free upper Peru receives scarcely the slightest mention, and he disposes of San Martin, the greatest hero that South America has ever seen, in a dozen lines; whereas he gives an entire chapter to the episode of the British occupation of Buenos Ayres. From a descriptive point of view, the picture of Buenos Ayres is unsatisfactory and has often been better done. Similarly, the chapter on Town and Country shows little originality or power of observation. That on Education and Literature is unusually good.

A few years ago Mr. Koebel wrote "Modern Argentina." More recently he has published a capital book on Uruguay, already reviewed in these columns. His new "Argentina, Past and Present" is a really sumptuous performance. It is too clumsy to be a useful handbook, yet it deserves to be favorably known. The artistic side is faithfully presented, and there is more of the element of travel and observation in it than in the ordinary book on the country. Although he makes no pretence to writing a guide-book, it is just the kind of book which a traveller would like to take with him if it were not quite so large and awkward to handle. The history of the country receives scant attention, but Mr. Koebel has a facile pen and a good eye for the picturesque.

The same thing cannot be said of Mr. Winter's volume. To those who have read his "Mexico" and his "Guatemala" little need be said, except that it is the same sort of book. Like his "Brazil," it is a careful compilation made by a conscientious traveller who has seen something of the country in a somewhat superficial manner. The sub-title states that the book is "An account of the customs, characteristics, amusements, history, and advancement of the Argentineans and the development and resources of their country." Rather a large order! However, it is difficult to collect the kind of information that has gone into this book, which undoubtedly meets

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a certain demand for popular information about "foreigners."

"The Wilds of Patagonia" sounds like a book of adventure, but its sub-title, "A narrative of the Swedish Expedition to Patagonia, Tierra Del Fuego, and the Falkland Islands in 1907-1909," comes nearer to enabling one to get a just estimate of the value of this noteworthy contribution to the geography of the southern part of Chile and Argentina. The pictures are unusually interesting and the text is even more so. Dr. Skottsberg was also in the Swedish Antarctic Expedition of 1903 and engaged in this second expedition in order to solve unanswered problems which presented themselves while working on the results of his former tour. As a specialist he devoted himself chiefly to botanical work, while his companions were more interested in geology. The good-natured freshness and modesty which pervade the book are engaging. It is a pleasure to extend a hearty welcome to this delightful work, and to thank its distinguished author for not confining the story of his interesting expedition to the Swedish edition.

The contrast between this capital story, written by a charming, modest, scientific observer, and such a book as "Peru of the Twentieth Century" is very striking. Percy F. Martin has been for many years a travelling correspondent for various journals. His frequent letters to English journals are marked by bitter prejudice against the United States and that careless handling of ordinary facts which is too often characteristic of the highly productive correspondent. He has published books on Mexico and on the East Coast republics, but evidently has not learned accuracy, modesty, or honesty in his travels His latest volume is attractive in appearance and well illustrated, and contains a great many statistics of more or less value. As the sources of his facts are not indicated, the value of such a compilation is seriously impaired. The book has many evidences of hasty preparation, and there are numerous mistakes of the kind that are sometimes called "errors in proof-reading." Bolivar is spoken of as the "brave Argentine"; Atahualpa's ransom is paid in "gold coin"! The patronizing reference to Sir Clements Markham shows both stupidity and conceit. While there is evidence of a desire to please the authorities and advertise Peru's resources, there is no evidence of that balanced attitude towards the fabulous natural resources of a tropical country which Frederick Palmer showed in his illuminating "Central America and Her Problems," where he paid equal attention to the "human handicaps" that prevent development. Enoch's "Peru," notwithstanding its weak points, will not be replaced on the shelves by Mr. Martin's volume, even though the latter does give the birth months of the foreign ministers and consuls in Lima and Callao!

CURRENT FICTION.

A Hoosier Chronicle. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Nicholson has shown a good deal of versatility heretofore, dealing variously in romance and satire and pictures of "real life" in our own time. Here he has attempted a serious and careful study of Indiana life, political and social, in the present generation. There are three fairly distinct elements in the story: the purely local or Hoosier element, the romantic element, and the political element which belongs to America rather than to Indiana. Mr. Nicholson was born and bred in Indiana, and the charm of the book is the result of his acquaintance with the Hoosier State and his affection for it. We are still too ready to take for granted an inferiority of atmosphere, a relative meagreness of setting, in our provincial America, in comparison with those which the English novelist and playwright have at their service. So when a Phillpotts shows his deep and affectionate intimacy with the moor-country, or a Bennett limns with tireless zeal even the smallest graces of his Five Towns, we lay the success of the performance largely to the accident of material. Mr. Nicholson is as familiar with his province, and as fond of it, as any Briton of them all. Her traditions do not seem to him trifling, or her atmosphere lacking in charm, because they are not the direct growth of centuries. His pride in such literary figures as Maurice Thompson and James Whitcomb Riley is none the less pride because they are not among the major luminaries. He dwells affectionately upon the lineage of Indiana's best families, and upon the memory of her statesmen. The best of his characters, he confesses, lives in his own street and has offered him (vainly, it appears) sundry bribes not to "put her into a book."

Like other current novelists of a realistic bent, he does not allow that bent to handicap him in his choice of plot. Beautiful and brilliant and well-bred young girls who are uncertain of their paternity undoubtedly exist in considerable numbers upon this globe. But we do not take it that they are particularly common in Indiana; or that they are as easily to be found anywhere as fiction and melodrama would lead us to suppose. Certainly it is a pity that Mr. Nicholson should have felt moved to make use of a situation so hackneyed as the pivot of his Hoosier tale. The reader knows almost from the outset who Sylvia's father is, and it is a bit tedious waiting about for the other persons in the story to run him down. Morton Bassett, the father, is a political boss who, himself content with a chair in the State Senate, has for years held the Democratic party in the hollow of his hand. Though there is a young and not inconsiderable hero to pair off with Sylvia, Bassett is really the central figure in the scene. We are made to understand—we are assured again and again—that there is something mysterious and potent in his character. If that be true, the mystery is not solved in the course of the narrative. He appears to be merely that transparently simple person, the American boss—the man who by systematically applying the rule of thumb to the manipulation of his fellow-man, and ignoring all other rules, becomes a physical power in the land—for a season. Bassett is a mean man on a big scale; and his violent conversion to the rôle of reformer at the end of the story—though the scene in which Sylvia converts him is managed with a good deal of skill—is simply a stage conversion. As for Sylvia herself, that extremely self-possessed young person also comports herself in accordance with conventional rules by refusing to marry her young man because of her parentage. Of course, she gives in at the end; but what American girl, to be accredited with such phenomenal commonsense in all other directions, would remember her duty as a heroine in this regard?

In reviewing Miss Sedgwick's "Tante" the other day, we noted that the book owes its distinction to a minor and homely character, rather than to the advertised stars. The same thing is true of "A Hoosier Chronicle." The hero, Dan Harwood, is recognizably human. But the life of the book is to be felt in such persons as the typewriter girl, Rose Farrell, with her irresistible lingo, and her loyal heart; Ike Pettit, the country editor, that authority on American humor, and, above all, Mrs. Sally Owen, the old lady of his neighborhood whom Mr. Nicholson had not been able to resist putting into a book. As for the political part of the story, its picture of the general conditions under which democracy labors, boss-ridden and blundering and half-hearted, and yet somehow surviving, is vividly and simply set forth. Mr. Nicholson is an optimist, like his sharp-eyed, soft-hearted Sally Owen, and the remark with which she closes the book may be taken as his motto: "It's all pretty comfortable and cheerful and busy in Indiana, with lots of old-fashioned human kindness flowing around; and it's getting better all the time. And I guess it's always got to be that way, out here in God's country."

The High Adventure. By John Oxenham. New York: Duffield & Co.

Lovely young Russian princesses named Sonia have become a recognized property of current romance. It is their business to get themselves into situa-

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tions of distress, so that stalwart young Englishmen may have the opportunity to rescue them. The writer of the present story has the courage of his convictions. He does not allow any considerations of probability to fetter his imagination—such as it is. To read his first page is to leap into the midst of a plot involving Russian tyranny, Siberia, murder, the rescue of the murderess from prison, a long flight afoot through Switzerland, the death of the murderess (who is Sonia's sister) by avalanche, and so on. The hero is attaché of the English embassy at Paris, and the author repeatedly informs us that he is a perfect gentleman. We see no cause to doubt the statement. Witness the fact that when the death of the murderess leaves Sonia in the sole company of the attaché, he does not take advantage of the situation to make violent love to her. When he discovers that she is married, his chivalry, if possible, redoubles. By dint of saving each other's lives half-a-dozen times, they achieve a bond which, we feel confident, fate will ratify; and our trust is not misplaced. Their parting, when inevitable rescue restores them to the realm of Mrs. Grundy, is gratifyingly brief. The villain who has married Sonia is summarily executed by his author, and all is as it should be according to the conventions of vulgar romance. The only touch of novelty in the yarn is the development of the avalanche motive: that obliging instrument of fate not only carries off the inconvenient sister, but buries the hero and heroine in an Alpine hut—which serves as an excellent substitute for the desert island of literary commerce.

Rayton: A Backwoods Mystery. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Our scene is the backwoods, and not the bush, but our hero, Mr. Reginald Baynes Rayton, is a figure with the conventional riding-breeches, moustaches, and haw-haw of the stage Britisher. The unconventional thing about him is his boundless good-humor, and his tolerance of the foibles of the rough American community in which he has chosen to make a place for himself. The whereabouts of Samson's Mill Settlement is not clearly indicated, but it is somewhere on the edge of the real woods, and with farming in summer and lumbering in winter, it offers a living to any man with energy to take it. Rayton is such a man, but has also the social and sporting instincts of his race, and it is he who introduces poker into Samson's Mill Settlement. As a matter of fact, he has to do it in order to give Mr. Roberts a handle for a story. For the appearance of two red crosses on a playing-card affords the basis for our mystery, such as it is. Just that symbol happens to have been more than once a forerunner of death in the family of one of the players present. The marked card is not dealt to him in this instance, but it is he who raises an outcry and breaks up the game. Sure enough, the youth who has received it is quickly in trouble, and very nearly loses his life. The natural thing is for the same group to play another game of poker presently, and this time it is Rayton who receives not one but three cards marked with the fatal symbol. Death does not visit Reginald, let us hasten to explain, but he has a close rub of it. The question then is, Who marked these cards, and why did he do it? The answer is delightfully simple—if one glances at the last few pages of this mildly amusing story.

CASANOVA.

Casanova et son temps. By Edouard Maynial. Paris: Mercure de France.

Lettere di donne a Giacomo Casanova. By Aldo Ravà. With ten portraits and one facsimile. Milan: Treves.

The contention of the Bibliophile Jacob that the "Memoirs of Casanova" were entirely a production of erudite fancy, and that specifically they were the work of Stendhal, is only an exaggerated example of an attitude forced upon readers by the wonderful concatenation of events in Casanova's life; it is a life which at first glance seems too remarkable to be true and yet too realistic to be fabricated. But at last the Casanova problem, as a problem, no longer exists. His Memoirs represent the actual record of an actual life, and form one of the most authentic and thoroughgoing documents for the history of eighteenth century manners.

The delightful volume of M. Maynial is really a study of charlatanry and superstition in the times of Louis XV. Following out his plan of demonstrating the reliability of the Memoirs from this point of view, he reconstructs the biography of the Count of St. Germain, who like Casanova subsisted entirely by imposing upon the credulity of the ladies of Paris, and even of the King. He examines minutely the diplomatic activities of St. Germain at The Hague, where, from personal motives, Casanova matched him in magic and finally accomplished his ruin.

Those familiar with the Memoirs will see that M. Maynial's book follows in large part material already well known. It is nevertheless replete with keen judgments and it is executed with Maynial's usual brilliancy. We may point out that Casanova's initiation to magic and alchemy must have been as early as his residence in Podova; for on his first trip to Naples, he gulled a Neapolitan merchant by selling him a secret for increasing the bulk of mercury. M. Maynial fails to point out also, in the interesting chapter on Casanova's visit to Voltaire, the strange misunderstanding at the bottom of the argument on the subject of Venetian liberty. Voltaire interprets Venetian liberty—a stock phrase of the days of the Republic—as meaning personal freedom of speech and movement. Of course, the only meaning the phrase ever had was that of Venetian independence.

The most startling confirmation of the veracity of the Memoirs has been offered by the researches of Aldo Ravà, a prolific and brilliant compatriot of Casanova, who has written some twenty-five articles on this subject in the last three years. The richest sources of Mr. Ravà have been the original autograph papers of Casanova in the Waldstein library at Dux in Bohemia. These papers had been catalogued by Mahler, and incompletely examined by Arthur Symons and D'Ancona. Mr. Ravà was the first to have unlimited access to them, and full rights to copy; so that his discoveries are quite exact and thoroughgoing. The present publication, the most bulky of his series, outlines with sober criticism and wonderful richness of detail the figures of many of Casanova's warmest relationships. Delicious the naïve femininity of Manon Baletti, her doubts, her yearnings, her frank and childlike expressions of a love tender and disinterested, constantly fanned into nervous heat by the alternating coldness, condescending charm, impetuous passion of Casanova, who felt for her perhaps of all his women the most domestic sentiments. The mysterious Henriette, who abandoned Casanova in such stress of emotion in Geneva, and who found him later an old man unrecognized at Dux, has left us, under her full name of Henriette de Schuckman, five letters as a testimony to their renewed and respectful friendship. The letter of Maria Zorzi throws interesting light on Casanova's allegation that his imprisonment in the Piombi, from which he made his world-famous escape, was due to the jealousy of the husband of that lady. Among the papers appears in its gray bluntness a letter from the keeper of the "harem of Little Poland," which is described in the Memoirs. The enigmatic Spanish Countess A. B., who figured as protagonist in the ridiculous comedy of Casanova's intrigues in the Carnival of 1763 at Milan, and who had recourse to sorcery to be revenged upon Casanova, is here revealed as Teresa Bolognina. So these collections run along as it were in commentary on the Memoirs. But we should note likewise their relation to the last years of Casanova's life, not described in the Memoirs as we possess them. In this respect the letters are only an example of what Ravà will give us later in the critical edition of the autograph manuscript of the Memoirs, shortly to be published by Brockhaus.

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The patient researches of Casanovians in the last quarter century, the use of the original papers of Dux, and the co-operation of contemporary scholars with Mr. Ravà, will soon have completed the transformation of the Memoirs from the unsavory masterpiece of the past into a precious historical document.

The Religion Worth Having. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

In a volume of one hundred and forty pages Professor Carver of the Department of Economics of Harvard University has settled questions which have tried the souls of many thousands of the noblest minds. In one form or another the quest for a worthy and tenable faith has occupied the strength of the world's choicest spirits and has led them into deep questionings as to the constitution of the universe and the meaning of life. The basal conviction of these theophiles of all ages has been that the religion worth having is the religion that is true. Their standard of value has been correspondence to reality, not effect and consequence in temporal affairs. The search for reality has been a painful one, and trying differences of judgment have continued to the present time. Notwithstanding the difficulty of the inquiry and the uncertainty of the result, the quest has been deemed necessary and many are still engaged in it.

It appears from Professor Carver's essay that all this anxiety of spirit might easily have been spared. The religion worth having is simply the religion which makes men good economic producers. "That is the best religion which acts most powerfully as a spur to energy, and directs that energy most productively." It is the kind of religion which "would build up a prosperous and powerful community, which would support more life and support it more comfortably than any other." It is not necessary, therefore, to inquire deeply concerning the nature of God; one has only to note the creed which prevails with the most successful merchants. The question of the immortality of the soul need occasion no wakeful nights: investigation of the creed of the most thrifty will settle the matter. The dollar is the measure of all things, only Professor Carver would have us regard the dollar not as a means to provide enjoyment, not even the higher pleasures of art and culture, but as an instrument to beget other dollars. The present problem of the Protestant Church, having brought its adherents to prosperity, is to "hold them true to the productive life." An Indiana farmer, having raised a large crop of corn, increased his drove of hogs, bought more land, raised more corn, fattened more hogs, and continued in the circle. According to the present essay, this hog-raiser not only fulfilled the ideal of an economist, but also attained the religion worth having.

It may appear to some that such a view does scant justice to religion, even as it is preached and exemplified in these days of little faith; but they must argue the matter out with Professor Carver. To him the suggestion of Mark Twain, that an anchorite, whom he found swaying back and forth continuously, should be hitched to a sewing machine, seems quite inspired, and he would attach all pious exercises to productive machinery of one sort or another, and test the piety as one would measure horsepower. It is declared that this is the view which is to dominate the consideration of religion in the practical days to come. Doubtless, however, there will be those who will call to mind certain prophets who were stoned and sawn asunder, who wandered in caves and holes of the earth, who appeared to have found a religion worth having, even though they made no acres more fertile and added nothing to the world's trade. The holy man of Assisi may not altogether have been forgotten, who as poor served the poor, and there may be those who will recall that a religion which has approved itself to many as quite worth having has had for its symbol, not a full dinner pail, nor a work bench—to use Professor Carver's sign for his philosophy of life—but a cross. An evangel of thrift may be needed in our time, but it is not religion.

Lafcadio Hearn. By Nina H. Kennard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

As a whole, this new life of Lafcadio Hearn may be classed with the flood of amateurish biography that is coming from Great Britain. But Mrs. Kennard, through friendship or relationship, we do not know which, with living members of the Hearn family, has had at her disposal a number of documents and some traditional information which have enabled her to add a good deal to our knowledge of Lafcadio's early years. In particular she has drawn from a series of letters written by Hearn from Japan to his half-sister, Mrs. Atkinson, which show that through all his wanderings the feeling of family and home was not entirely broken, and which help to reconstruct his childhood. We see how little care the boy got from his ignorant, languid mother and his volatile father. We learn a little more about Mrs. Brenane, his great-aunt, who took charge of him when, in 1857, his father married a second wife and proceeded with his regiment to India. A weak-minded woman she must have been. Falling under the influence of a certain Henry Molyneux and his wife, she settled her property on them and went to live in their house at Tramore. The consequences may be read in one of the letters to Mrs. Atkinson:

> Henry had been brought up by the Jesuits. He had been educated for commerce, spoke four or five languages fluently. He soon became omnipotent in the house. Aunt told me she was going to help him for her husband's sake. The help was soon given in a very substantial way, by settling five hundred a year on the young lady he was engaged to marry. . . . Mr. Henry next succeeded in having himself declared heir in Aunty's will; I to be provided for by an annuity of (I think, but am not sure) £500. "Henry," who had "made himself the darling," was not satisfied. He desired to get the property into his hands during Aunty's life. This he was able to do, to his own, as well as Aunty's, ruin. He failed in London. The estate was put into the hands of receivers. I was withdrawn from college, and afterwards sent to America, to some of Henry's friends. I had some help from them in the shape of five dollars per week for a few months. Then I was told to go to the devil and take care of myself. I did both.

For the detailed information of this sort to be got from Mrs. Kennard's volume, any one interested in Hearn's life will be grateful. But the book by no means supplants, even for the early years, the biography by Mrs. Wetmore. The deeper influences that shaped the boy's imagination are related far more satisfactorily by the American friend, and there is, of course, nothing in the present volume to take the place of the correspondence published by Mrs. Wetmore, the new letters to Mrs. Atkinson being incomplete and for the most part trivial. For the rest, Mrs. Kennard relates the events of Hearn's life in confused manner and with little literary skill. At the end she adds a fairly entertaining account of a visit to Hearn's Japanese home after his death. The work as a whole is simply a mistake. Mrs. Kennard should have presented her new material in a separate small volume. As such it would have been highly valuable.

Manili Astronomicon Liber II. Edidit H. W. Garrod. New York: Henry Frowde. $3.40 net.

Mr. Garrod's book appears at an especially favorable time, when M. Cumont's recent lectures on Eastern astrology, delivered at various seats of learning in this country, have given Manilius a striking advertisement. Manilius has been very little known in recent times outside the circle of the especial initiates who are supposed to devote their days, and more particularly their nights, to whatever is most removed in the classical field from general interest. He has been ranked, perhaps properly enough, among the "hard" authors, and if the reader who is making his first essay in a new field of literature should

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by ill luck blunder upon the "dodecatemories of dodecatemories," only a previous intense zeal for astrological science could save him from consternation. It would indeed be idle to assert that Manilius should be ranked in a gentleman's reading alongside of Virgil and Horace, of Catullus and Lucretius, and yet Manilius abounds in passages of high grandeur and brilliantly lucid expression. He can combine at times the exaltation of Lucretius with the limpidity of Ovid. The great Richard Bentley is said to have asserted that Manilius and Ovid alone of the Latins had "wit." Bentley was, to be sure, somewhat given to perversities, but this is not such a cryptic paradox as it might appear.

Mr. Garrod's text is acompanied by an adequate and readable prose translation, and though the second book of Manilius is not the one (if one only it must be) that we would select for an introduction to the author, we may yet hope that text and translation together on opposite pages will decoy some otherwise hesitant reader into an untried field of wide outlook. That is the main reason for mentioning here such a work of abstruse scholarship. There are some faint lights on the distant horizon that seem to give hope of a new dawn of the ideal of culture. We welcome every effort that may hasten it. The projected Loeb series of translations is of this sort. Only it must be remembered that the divine gift of poetry resides in the original verse, and but rarely can be sufficiently felt in a translation, which must be treated only as an auxiliary.

The Book of Khalid. By Ameen Rihani. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.30 net.

If Ameen Efendi Rihani could get over being what Mr. Kipling, or rather Wali Dad, called a "product," he might easily come to have the position in English which he holds already in Arabic. He has a very pretty gift of language, and he has discovered a literary *genre* where the East and the West, Arabic and English, can almost touch. But they do not quite touch, and that is the pity. "Sartor" and the humorous Maqáma, blackguard Arabic songs and the grinning satyr of Sterne, the essay that plays at autobiography and heart-sick Arabic poems that can tell anything so long as it will distil into the teller's emotion—all are within a hand's reach of one another. There is much kinship, too, between the Carlylean thunder and crack of words—the smack and roll of them on the tongue—and the Oriental loftiness of style gained by hunting in the dictionary. Only the words in English must be, in some measure, intelligible; it is only an Arabic reader who likes to be put to his lexicon. And the play on words which Arabic literature permits in all its range has its footing in English also; though a slippery one. Many have fallen there. So Ameen Rihani just misses it. His *genre* will not do in English, unless he can learn to handle it differently; but it is a most entertaining *genre*, all the same, and has possibilities. Especially he must understand that things may be said in French which are not possible in English, except, of course, if one happens to be Sterne. In these matters English is silent or downright—even as Arabic; the allusive snigger of a certain French school is alien and repellent.

But to his matter. This is the book of confessions of a Syrian Teufelsdröckh crossed with Gil Blas and Walt Whitman and Rousseau and what not—all having suffered an Oriental change. He wanders from Baalbek to New York and has various experiences there as shopkeeper and peddler and Tammany henchman. Beyond Tammany he penetrates to the demi-monde and to the world of Bohemian eccentricity, but not further, at least as Khalid. What Ameen Rihani himself may know or think about American life we do not learn. Autobiography is certainly here, but it is more apparent in the earlier and later pictures of peasant life in the Lebanon. To the Lebanon, then, he returns, and among laborious monks and money-making hermits, Bahais with their satellite American women, Jesuits in their intrigues, Turks of the Committee, and Arabs dreaming of a new empire of the desert, he finds texts enough for Carlylean meditations, sulphurous and kindly, biting and tender. And therein is largely the value of the book. With all the posturing and word-hunting and imitation, the discerning will find here the revelation and the problem of the keen-brained Syrian, sprung of a stock calling itself Arab and Phœnician, but mixed with blood from Scandinavia, central Asia, and northern Africa, skeptical, philosophical, businesslike, cynical, and yet a dreamer.

Notes

Among the books which the University of Chicago Press have in hand are: "The Sociological Study of the Bible," by Louis Wallis, and "Railway Economics," being a collectors' catalogue of books in fourteen American libraries prepared by the Bureau of Railway Economics, Washington, D. C.

Algot Lange's "In the Amazon Jungle" is in the press of G. P. Putnam.

The Century Company announces a series of six books under the general title of "Century Readings in United States History." The volumes are entitled: "Explorers and Settlers," "The Colonists and the Revolution," "A New Nation," "The Westward Movement," "The Civil War," and "The Progress of a United People."

"The History of an Amateur Gentleman" is the title chosen by Jeffery Farnol for his latest novel.

The spring list of L. C. Page & Co. includes in travel: "The Spell of France," by Caroline Atwater Mason; "Three Wonderlands of the American West," by Thomas D. Murphy, and "Chile and Her People of To-day," by Nevin O. Winter.—Fiction: "Chronicles of Avonlea," by L. M. Montgomery; "The Forbidden Trail," by Edgar M. Dilley; "Rayton: a Backwoods Mystery," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts; "The Dominant Chord," by Edward Kimball; "The Sword of Bussy: a Romance of the Time of Henri III," by Robert Neilson Stephens, and "Naomi of the Island," by Lucy Thurston Abbott.—Juveniles: "Ralph Somerby at Panama," by Forbes Lindsay; "The Pioneer Boys on the Ohio," by Harrison Adams; "Our Little Polish Cousin," by Florence E. Mendel.—Revised editions: "Mexico and Her People of To-day," by Nevin O. Winter, and "Panama and the Canal To-day," by Forbes Lindsay.

The Society for the Promotion of Researches into Zoroastrian Religion will publish the complete text of the Pahlavi Dinkard, Book III-IX, from the oldest extant manuscript, now in the Mulla Feroz Library, Bombay. The work is under the supervision of Dhanjishah Meherjibhai Madan.

The Manchester University Press is getting out a series of lectures on "Germany in the Nineteenth Century." Among the topics discussed are "The Political History," by Dr. J. Holland Rose; "The Intellectual History," by Professor Herford; "The Economic History," by Professor Conner, and "The History of Education," by Dr. Sadler. Lord Haldane contributes an introductory note.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are bringing out this week: "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," a detective story by Burton E. Stevenson; "The Green Vase," a novel by William R. Castle, jr.; "Peter and Jane," a story of English country life by S. Macnaughtan; "A Book of Prayers," by Samuel McComb; "The House of Dornell," a volume of essays by Fergus Graham, and "Children of the Resurrection," a devotional book by the late Ian Maclaren.

For its centennial, which the Princeton Theological Seminary will celebrate in May, Scribners are planning to publish "Biblical and Theological Studies and Discussions," being essays by the Seminary professors. The titles are: "Theological Encyclopædia," by Francis Landey Patton; "On the Emotional Life of Our Lord," by Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield; "The Child Whose Name is Wonderful," by John D. Davis; "Jonathan Edwards: A Study," by John DeWitt; "The Supernatural," by William Brenton Greene, jr.; "The Eschatological Aspect of the Pauline Conception of the Spirit," by Geerhardus Vos; "The Aramaic of Daniel," by Robert Dick Wilson; "The Place of the Resurrection Appearances of Jesus," by William Park Armstrong; "Modern Spiritual Movements," by Charles Rosenbury Erdman; "Homiletics as a Theological Discipline," by Frederick William Loetscher; "Sin and Grace on the Biblical Narrations Rehearsed in the Koran," by James Oscar Boyd; "The Finality of the Christian Religion," by Caspar Wistar Hodge, jr.; "The Interpretation of the

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Shepherd of Hermas," by Kerr Duncan Macmillan; "Jesus and Paul," by John Gresham Machen, and "The Transcendence of Jehovah, God of Israel," by Oswald Thompson Allis.

The following books are promised by Sturgis & Walton Co. this month: "Jaconetta Stories," by Fannie Heaslip Lea; "Making Home Profitable," by Kate V. Saint-Maur, and "Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun.

The Selden Society, which publishes the sources of English law, hopes to issue two publications for the year 1912. One of these will be the second volume of the "Year Books of the Eyre of Kent," edited by William C. Bolland; this is nearly ready and should be in the hands of members early in the year. The other is a volume on "Select Charters of Trading Companies," edited by Cecil T. Carr. The Society regrets that there has been delay in the appearance of Volume XXVI for 1911, but hopes that it may shortly be in the hands of members. It is the sixth volume of the Year Book Series containing reports of 4 Edward II, and is edited by G. J. Turner. The manuscript materials collected by the late Prof. Charles Gross, for the second volume of "Select Cases in the Law Merchant," have at last been found, and Professor Morgan has undertaken to complete this work for the Society. Provisional arrangements (subject to contingencies) have been made for the following further publications: another volume of the "Year Books of the Eyre of Kent," by Mr. Bolland; other volumes of the "Year Books of Edward II"; a volume of "Select Cases before the King's Council," by I. S. Leadam; a volume of "Select Ecclesiastical Pleas," by Mr. Harold D. Hazeltine; and an edition of the "Liber Pauperum" of Vacarius, by F. de Zulueta.

By an inadvertence, we noticed last week the Index of the Encyclopædia Britannica as the nineteenth volume. It is the twenty-ninth.

The Macmillan Co. has reprinted in a uniform edition three volumes of essays, by Prof. George Edward Woodberry—"The Torch," being eight lectures on the race power in literature, delivered before the Lowell Institute; "Great Writers," including Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Virgil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, and a monograph on "Swinburne."

In "Our Magic" (Dutton) Nevil Maskelyne and David Devant explain, indeed, the performance of many kinds of legerdemain, but their real interest is in setting before the reader what may be called the philosophy of holding and deceiving an audience. The book is good reading, even for those who go to it for no practical instruction.

Maeterlinck's little treatise on "Death" (Dodd, Mead) is well translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Maeterlinck has many nice things to say on the subject of immortality, as on other subjects. "The soul is insensible to all that is not happiness"; "it will have no other career than infinity, and infinity is nothing if it be not felicity," etc., etc. Those may take comfort in this kind of thing who do not stop to ask where M. Maeterlinck obtained his lofty information.

"A Little Pilgrimage in Italy," by Olave M. Potter (Houghton Mifflin Co.), contains agreeable discursive chapters on Southern Tuscany and Umbria, with a digression to Ravenna and Loreto. It gives neither a traveller's systematic record nor an impressionist's word-pictures and emotions, but something between the two. The author has evidently been much influenced by Henry James, although she is never so cryptic as her original. At her best, she is good, and occasionally even striking, but the perpetual hunt for adjective and adverb we find cloying. Even the household fly ought to be allowed to come and go sometimes without an unusual epithet. The illustrations, by the Japanese, Yoshio Markino, are numerous and interesting, although most of them are out of drawing, according to an Occidental standard. The make-up of the book is attractive.

St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square, New York, which is well known throughout the country for its splendid religious work, celebrated last year the centenary of its foundation as a church, and for that occasion caused its history to be prepared in book form ("History of St. George's Church in the City of New York. 1752-1811-1911": Harper). The work, a fine volume of above 500 pages, was compiled by the Rev. Henry Anstice, D.D., son of a former vestryman of the parish, and one who, from his infancy, has been familiar with its history and traditions. It will be remembered that St. George's existed as a chapel of Trinity for almost sixty years before it became an independent parish. It was the earliest chapel of that corporation, founded in 1752. The first two chapters constitute a religious history of the city of New York from the first settlement in 1623 to the incorporation of St. George's Church in 1811, at which time it still occupied the original site on Beeckman Street. St. George's has been, on the whole, extremely fortunate in its rectors. Three of these, Drs. Milner, Tyng, and Rainsford, were great religious leaders, albeit differing much in character and methods of work, and it is owing to their leadership that St. George's has taken the position which it now holds in the religious life of the city. Each or these men may be said to have formed and fashioned the church after his own mind, and to have gathered about him for that purpose a band of lay supporters whose readiness to work and to contribute under such leadership was phenomenal.

Probably the most remarkable achievement in this direction was that of Dr. Rainsford, who took charge in 1883), when the church population had moved away, and St. George's had virtually no congregation and no workers outside of the vestry. These latter were willing, however, to give him free hand to do what he would, to guarantee sufficient means for him to set the work in operation, and to agree to render personal assistance. That done, Dr. Rainsford soon gathered about himself a most remarkable body of supporters, men and women, who made St. George's, during the period of his rectorship, and up to the present time, probably the model institutional church of the country, and a force for righteousness in civic life. The book contains brief histories, generally accompanied by portraits, of all the wardens and vestrymen who have been connected with the church, as well as of the clergy who have ministered there. In a short notice of the Trinity Chapel controversy, in which the rector of St. George's, Dr. Tyng, and the Hon. William Jay were anti-Trinity leaders, Dr. Anstice points out how much more effective the old endowment of the church in New York has been when divided among the churches, as was the rightful method, legally provided for by act of Legislature in 1814, than when multiplied in the hands of one corporation. We especially commend the history of St. George's to the consideration of Trinity Corporation.

In his "Motor Routes of England, Western Section" (Macmillan), Gordon Home presents in the most acceptable form two sorts of information—that which the driver needs to know, and that which will be of interest to the sightseer. This very inclusive tour—from London to farthest Wales and back again—is divided into eleven sections and eight loops, a chapter being devoted to each; and each of these chapters has its detailed map, its tables of distances, grades, and places of interest along the way. All information regarding hours of admission, entrance fees, etc., is printed in italics. The descriptive text itself is far from being the mere parrot prattle of the professional guide; Mr. Home is an ardent ecclesiologist and antiquarian, and thoroughly intelligent in architecture. Indeed, certain American motorists will feel the need of a glossary when they come to such terms as *reredos, merlon, triforium.* In other respects the book is as clear as sunlight: he who rides may read. Above all, Mr. Home is a delightful travelling companion; he never bores you, and he can enjoy the sight of a glorious mountain without feeling obliged to pile up a mountain of adjectives to vie with it.

"Some Old Egyptian Librarians" (Scribner) is the title of a paper read by Dr. Ernest C. Richardson, librarian of Princeton University, before a convention of fellow-workers. It is not intended as a joke, but is a serious attempt, historical and archæological. On the basis of trustworthy translations and by the aid of adaptation of phrases and the exercise of imagination, he has carried the history two millenniums earlier than Asurbanipal and nearly three earlier than Alexandria. He finds twenty-one librarians in Egyptian history known by name, besides mention of a number of others unnamed. Such minute details constitute one of the marvels of Egyptian archæology. If Dr. Richardson had consulted Weigall's "Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt" (p. 338), he might have included also a description of a temple "library" as well.

"New Poems by James I of England, from a hitherto unpublished manuscript (Add. 24195) in the British Museum" (Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner), edited, with introduction and notes, by Allan F. Westcott, is a work of historical rather than literary interest. *Mediocres poetas nemo novit, bonos pauci.* The first clause of this dictum of the Roman historian is hardly open to dispute, whatever one may think of the second, and there is nothing in the present volume to change the opinion of the world as to which of the two classes of poets includes the royal author.

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Nevertheless, owing to the circumstances of his birth, James played an important part on the stage of European life in his day, and nothing that serves to illustrate his character is wholly destitute of value. Of the fifty-seven poems printed in the volume, twenty-six appear now for the first time, and of those which have already been published, nine are here first identified as coming from James's pen. MS. Add. 24195 was written, for the most part, apparently by one of the King's Scotch secretaries, but some of the sonnets are in the hand of his son, Prince Charles, and the King himself made changes in the volume. It contains, besides the poems, specimens of the author's correspondence with foreign scholars and other short prose pieces, some of which Mr. Westcott has printed in an appendix. The editor has done his work with the most exemplary thoroughness. His notes embrace some contributions worthy of attention to the now burning question of French influence on British poetry during the period of the Renaissance. In his Introduction he observes justly that in forming a judgment of James's poetical abilities, we should remember that his work in this line belongs almost wholly to his early life, and should, accordingly, be measured by the standards of that time, the early Elizabethan period. This is true, but, of course, the mediocre quality of the poetry remains—for James had culture, but not a spark of inspiration. It does not strike us that the editor is particularly happy in his indication of what are the best pieces in the volume. We should for our own part, select "Constant Love in All Conditions" (p. 7) as the most favorable specimen of James's verse. This reads smoothly, and is altogether not unlike the average work of the better-known Scotch poets early in the same century.

Mr. Westcott's Introduction, which makes very agreeable reading, is a detailed discussion of James as a writer and a patron of literature. He reviews his education under the great humanist, George Buchanan, his poetical apprenticeship under Alexander Montgomerie, and his subsequent relations with literature and authors. Under this head he might have mentioned the incident in George Herbert's life, before his disappointments as a courtier drove him into saintship, when the poet, lecturing on oratory one term at Cambridge, based his discourses on a Latin oration of James's, instead of the usual oration of Cicero or Demosthenes, as offering a more perfect specimen of the art than anything that antiquity had produced. Mr. Westcott tries to prove that the influence of James was in some degree responsible for the growing classicism of English poetry in the later years of his reign. The considerations which he advances in regard to the matter do not seem to us to amount to much. Nevertheless, the whole of the Introduction is instructive, and no historian of James I can afford to neglect the study of his intellectual interests which is embodied in these pages.

An interesting review of the "Attitude of American Courts in Labor Cases" has been added to the series of Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, by Prof. G. G. Groat of Ohio Wesleyan University. Mr. Groat does not concern himself with points of law which may be regarded as established, but endeavors by the assembling of extracts from authoritative decisions to show the drift of judicial opinion on problems still unsettled. He has carefully selected his material from the reports of leading cases in the United States Supreme Court, the Federal Circuit Courts, and the courts of last resort in the separate States. Throughout most of the book his work has been largely confined to the task of compilation, and to the linking together of excerpts into a fairly consecutive exposition of guiding principles. But in the chapters which conclude the two main divisions of his study, dealing respectively with the legality of the acts of organized workers and with the validity of progressive labor legislation, he summarizes sanely, and on the whole interestingly, the considerations which seem to dominate our judiciary at the present time. His point of view is not that of the jurist; it is that of the student of economic conditions who is convinced that many venerable conceptions of liberty and justice and personal rights in general have now become obsolete and inapplicable. The emphasis of the book is consequently on one side; but it is on the side where an increasing number of legal thinkers believe that hope for the future lies.

Those who have faith in the economic interpretation of history will be interested in A. M. Simons's "Social Forces in American History" (Macmillan). The author, who is evidently a thorough going Marxian, offers here explanations on economic grounds of the chief events in American history from the discovery of America to the rise of the Knights of Labor. These explanations he has assembled from a wide range of miscellaneous reading. Virtually all of them can be found in suggestion at least in works by serious students, but in very few cases did their originators offer them as the whole explanation of the particular events under consideration.

Edward A. Foord's "Byzantine Empire" (Macmillan) may do much harm if it prevents some competent person from writing a "short popular history of the Later Roman Empire." For there is need of a book which shall hit a mark somewhere "between Professor Oman's sketch in the 'Story of the Nations Series' and monumental works like those of Gibbon, Finlay, Bury," Rambaud, Schlumberger, Diehl, Krumbacher, Gelzer, Strzygowski, Lampros—if we may add a few foreign names to Mr. Foord's poverty-stricken British list. It is true that experts like Professor Diehl believe the time not yet ripe for a sound synthesis of Byzantine history; but even the layman knows that Professor Diehl himself has breathed life upon the dry bones of many Byzantine kings and queens, and that the investigations of French, German, Russian, English, and Greek scholars have cast light upon many dark places in Byzantine art, politics, and institutions since Oman wrote his hasty, but serviceable, compendium. We have our quarrel not with Mr. Foord's task, but with its execution. After reading through to the end a volume remarkable on the positive side for the triviality of its materials, criticism, and style, on the negative side for its ignorance of the modern literature and of all the great problems of Byzantine history, we are shocked to re-read in the preface that the work is only the introduction to a larger one, "embodying the results" of the author's "own original research." Would that the author had been less niggardly with originality in his prolegomena! Gordon Home was, it seems, the wicked counsellor who persuaded Mr. Foord that a "knowledge of what was required, combined with a real enthusiasm" for the subject, would compensate for his hopeless amateurishness. Was there no one to tell him to do his research first and to refrain from a comprehensive work until he had come into intimate relations with his theme? Has he never been advised that to give "little space" to "ecclesiastical controversies" is to crush from his history the very breath of Byzantine national life? The true historian is not at liberty to neglect what he dislikes or what is unfamiliar to him. In short, Mr. Foord's book shows all the vices which we have come to expect in English "pot-boilers"—captiousness of judgment, defective training, and ignorance of all but standard native works. It is not redeemed by the common English virtues—political sense and dignity of style. It reminds us in many ways of Diodorus the Sicilian.

Science

The World's Minerals. By Leonard J. Spencer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2 net.

The author of this volume is connected with the British Museum, where one of the three great mineral collections of the world is exhibited. With obviously thorough command of his subject, he has prepared a work upon one hundred and sixteen of the commoner species, out of the eight or nine hundred that are known. The book is intended to be interesting and intelligible to the general reader and to convey to him the main facts of composition, crystal form, occurrence, and uses. Special emphasis is therefore laid upon the more popular points. Gems are always uppermost in the minds of those who have not given special attention to the scientific side of mineralogy. The book therefore begins with the diamond, to which more space, twice over, is devoted than to any other mineral except the ubiquitous and protean quartz.

Certain usages in England different from those current in America will be at once observed by a discriminating reader. The carbonate of iron is called chalybite across the ocean, but siderite on this side. In the book, it is described as chalybite in the text and figures as siderite on the plates. The blue carbonate of copper universally passes as azurite in America, but is known as chessylite in England. Again, the text favors England, the plates America. The carbonate of zinc is named calamine by Mr. Spencer, and the carbonate is the only zinc ore mentioned except zinc-blende. In this country calamine is applied only to the hydrated silicate of zinc,

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which is many times more abundant than is the carbonate smithsonite. Mr. Spencer makes no mention of the silicate. Cerusite, on page 150, should be cerussite.

The writers of books upon mineralogy have manifested in later years a growing desire to illustrate their subject, not only by the conventional line drawings of crystals, but by half-tone photographs, or, as in the present instance, by colored plates. Crystallized minerals are singularly attractive objects. They make their appeal both by regularity and symmetry of form, and by beautiful coloring and brilliant lustre. Colored plates of minerals are not easy to prepare. The fire and lustre, the transparence and play of colors, can only be brought out with the exercise of great skill and care. The plates in Mr. Spencer's book are not always satisfactory. Criticism, however, should be tempered with an appreciation of the difficulties involved. Nevertheless, for the general reader they are more significant than geometrical drawings, and they will add to the interest of a work which is intended to be, and succeeds in being, popular and elementary in treatment.

On March 23 Scribners will issue "Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint," by the late Dr. Ray Madding McConnell, and "Suggestion and Psychotherapy," by Dr. George W. Jacoby.

L. W. Page's "Roads, Paths, and Bridges" will soon be added to Sturgis & Walton's Young Farmer's Practical Library.

McBride, Nast & Co. have in preparation "My Three Great Flights," by André Beaumont, who won the Paris-Rome, the Circuit of Europe, and Circuit of Britain aerial races.

Benjamin M. Davis is bringing out, through the University of Chicago Press, "Agricultural Education in the Public Schools."

"The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia" (Longmans) is a work of unique value, being the only book on a fascinating region in tropical Africa. Isolation from the outside world has enabled the virile natives to preserve their primitive customs more perfectly than has any other great negro race. The main object of the authors, Cullen Gouldsbury and Hubert Sheane, was to describe this native life minutely, carefully, and reliably. The facts they give were not gathered by ordinary travellers, but are the results of careful research by men who have spent many years in close touch with the natives in their own surroundings. A brief sketch of the history of the country, so far as it is known, is followed by a detailed account of the natives' religious beliefs and rites, their social life, arts, industries, and amusements, with much information on the land and its fauna and flora. "Every Central African," says Mr. Sheane, "is a born lawyer":

From childhood upward he has been familiarized with the procedure in innumerable cases heard in the open village courtyard, or has listened to the accounts of old-time decisions, rounded off by some neat proverb or epigram, and, accordingly, when he has attained to man's estate, the mind of the average native is a veritable storehouse of past precedents. Should the need arise, he can act as his own pleader, and set forth his case with fluency and lawyer-like adroitness. It is doubtless from this early-acquired knowledge and legal bias that the natives derive the great respect for constituted authority shown in their singularly law-abiding nature.

Many will be interested in the light which these two officials shed on the methods of British colonial government. The fundamental principle is to govern the natives through their chiefs, in accordance with their own laws and customs and their own councils and courts, except in the case of customs entirely at variance with the laws of humanity and civilization. The success of such methods is shown by the fact that a region as large as England, which twenty years ago was the abode of turbulent savages, is now one of the most peaceful lands in the world. "Since the occupation of the country, more than a decade and a half ago, with the exception of one or two trivial affairs, not a shot has been fired in enmity." The foreign governing body consists of twenty officials without a single white soldier and only 100 native police. A large part of this success, it should be said, is due to the educative work of the missionaries. In one division, with a population of above 20,000, about 7,000 can read and write a little. "Boys reading by the campfire and the moonlight are a common sight." White officials come into close touch with the natives by annual visits to each village. It is a land rich in possibilities from its adaptiveness to the cultivation of rubber, cotton, and valuable timber. The elevation of the plateau, from four to six thousand feet above sea-level, gives it a delightful and fairly healthful climate. When the railways now in progress of construction from the north, the south, and the east reach it, Northern Rhodesia may become a much-valued corner of the Empire. There are eighty-one illustrations, some of beautiful scenery, and an excellent map.

Rear-Admiral George Wallace Melville, U. S. N., retired, who died in Philadelphia on Sunday, was born in New York in 1841. After serving throughout the Civil War he was chief engineer on three expeditions to the Far North, on the Tigress, in search of the ill-fated Polaris, on the Jeannette, and on the Thetis in search of Greely. For his bravery he was honored by Congress and by scientific and geographical societies; he received honorary degrees from many universities, as well as decorations from foreign monarchs. In 1896 he was appointed engineer-in-chief of the navy, and in 1900 became rear-admiral. He was the inventor of several mechanical appliances.

John Bernhardt Smith, who died last week at his home in New Brunswick, N. J., aged fifty-three, had been for several years State entomologist, and had done notable service in attacking the mosquito pest. He was also professor of entomology in Rutgers College and was the author of two books on his special subject.

Dr. Henry Wilson Spangler, who died on Monday at the age of fifty-four, was professor of mechanical engineering in the University of Pennsylvania, where he had served for more than twenty years. Before that he had been in the employ of the United States Navy. He was the author of "Valve Gears," "Notes on Thermodynamics," and "Graphics," and wrote in collaboration "Elements of Steam Engineering."

Drama

It is a strange conjunction with which the reader is confronted in a new Oxford book just issued by Henry Frowde—"Shakespeare's Hamlet, Coriolanus, and Twelfth Night," edited with introductions and notes, by G. S. Gordon. Why these three plays should have been selected to march through the land together is not clear, nor why they should be cursed by an ugly, faded-green binding. Each is introduced by a longish essay, well written but contributing nothing new to the literature of the subject.

"The Terrible Meek," by Charles Rann Kennedy, the nature of which had been carefully kept secret—an old managerial device—was presented in the Little Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, and demonstrated the elasticity of Winthrop Ames's policy as director. He would scarcely have produced it without the conviction that the stage still retains some traces of its religious origin and that its mission is still didactic, as well as artistic, satirical, and humorous. Doubtless he reasoned also that a piece uncompromising in its socialistic radicalism would gain sympathy by its sentimental and religious appeal even should it fail to vanquish by its logic. Evidently he is not altogether in bondage to the narrow creed of the modern realists. "The Terrible Meek" is notable if only for the boldness of its challenge, the fervor of its purpose, and the vigor of its utterance. It is strong in sentimental and spiritual appeal, and closes upon an inspiring note proclaiming the coming triumph of brotherly love—the fulfilment of an ideal, divine altruism—but it is often reckless in its generalizations and anarchical and dangerous in its implications, savoring more of the zealot than the philosopher. Moreover it is not wholly free from the taint of theatrical artifice. The scene is at the foot of Calvary, in the darkness following the Crucifixion. This darkness is used—not very successfully—to mystify the audience concerning the time, the place, and the particular incident, and to give these a contemporaneous application. The Centurion of the Gospels and a private soldier—talking like a British officer and a "Tommy"—discuss the deed of the day. Neither knows just why the dead man has suffered. The private had known him, had been inclined to like him, and had seen no harm in his words or his actions. He helped to kill him, as a matter of duty, when the Captain gave his orders, and would do so again under similar circumstances. The Captain, troubled in conscience, moralizes on the meaning of duty, amazes his companion by mutinous utterances, and finally in despair proclaims himself a murderer. Then the peasant mother of the victim—the Virgin Mary—in a long, pathetic soliloquy, summarizes the career of her murdered son and vows to spread the tale of his lovely life and cruel death throughout the world. The Captain, confessing his part in the transaction, implores her pardon, fiercely denounces the crimes done through the ages—

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up to the present moment—in the name of patriotism, religion, and civilization, and ecstatically prophesies the impending annihilation of the Kingdoms of the world and the entrance of her son's disciples—the terrible meek—into their inheritance. In a word the millennium. Presently he refuses to obey a new order from his general, preferring death to wrongful obedience. This, he says, is the easy solution of the world's troubles. Then the stage is illuminated, and Calvary is disclosed, with the crosses and their occupants, the speakers in their appropriate costumes, and the foreground filled with peaceful sheep.

Doubtless the piece will provoke controversy, and, probably, some derision. Skeptics will laugh at it as the dream of a rhapsodical sentimentalist. Not all the church-folk will approve it, while sociologists will shudder at its pernicious fallacies. But there is a great basic truth at the root of it, that the hope of the world lies in the perfection of that human fellowship which is the essence of the Christian creeds. It is to this end, of course, that most enlightened social reformers are working. But the idea of the Centurion that the law of the individual conscience will suffice to solve the problems and dissipate the evils of our complex society is too fantastic for debate. A certain looseness of thought is discernible even in the title of the sketch, the qualifying epithet being strangely out of harmony with the general tenor of the text. Are the meek to win by violence, the sheep to rend the wolves? This is not the Christian legend. But it would not be fair to subject so sympathetic and emotional a work to searching critical analysis. Even should the production fail, the Little Theatre will lose nothing in prestige.

Madame Simone has appeared in the Hudson Theatre as Gilberte in Meilhac and Halévy's "Frou-Frou," thus completing her promised list of plays in English. Her impersonation is the best seen since the early days of Bernhardt. The gay frivolity of the opening scenes was wonderfully airy and spontaneous. The gradual development of jealousy in the young wife was marked with her wonted subtlety, and her outbreak of insane fury against her sister Louise was delivered with utter abandonment. Her appeal to her avenging husband in the fourth act had in it a note of true despair and suffering. But in nothing that she has done here has Madame Simone suggested her possession of the highest tragic powers. Her domain, apparently, lies within the limits of comedy, romance, and melodrama, but clearly is of very wide extent. She has won her triumphs here by her unaided ability, for her support, as a rule, has been abominable.

It is announced that Israel Zangwill's new play, "The Next Religion," which fell under the English censor's ban, will be given at the London Pavilion, by the New Players, on the afternoons of Thursday and Friday, April 18 and 19. The performances will be private.

"Plain Brown," a new comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, has been obtained by Charles Frohman. It will have its first New York performance at the Garrick Theatre in September.

Charles Frohman announces that Maude Adams will be seen in a number of new plays in the Empire Theatre next season. This implies a modification of the original "Chantecler" arrangement, and all the best friends of the actress will be glad to hear of her release from the conditions of whimsical ineptitude to which she has been so long in cruel subjection.

Ian Maclaren, now acting in support of George Arliss in "Disraeli," is planning for a special production of "Hamlet" in Wallack's Theatre on April 23, in commemoration of the birthday of the poet. He hopes that this performance may be the first of regular annual celebrations of the day in imitation of the example set at London and Stratford on Avon. There is nothing to be said against such an enterprise, if it be undertaken in the right spirit. Few lovers of the poet will agree that an inferior Shakespearean performance is better than no performance at all. Public maltreatment of his text—equally suggestive of indifference and incompetence on the part of the performers—is a queer way of showing reverence. A conscientious endeavor on the part of ordinary players, in the regular way of business, may be tolerated, or even encouraged, but a special performance—an artistic sacrifice upon the altar of the author's genius—is another affair altogether. Who is to play the Prince? So far as general knowledge goes, there is no one in the country—unless Forbes Robertson, by any lucky chance, should happen to be available—who is capable of interpreting the part with any eloquence, refinement, imagination, distinction, or glimmer of special insight. Some shift might be made, possibly, to present one of the less exacting plays, either comedy or tragedy, with comparative decency; but "Hamlet," at this juncture, seems pretty hopeless.

Music

PROFESSOR PARKER'S PRIZE OPERA.

On December 15, 1908, the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House announced that the directors had decided to give a prize of $10,000 for the best opera composed by an American. When the contest closed, on September 15, 1910, it was found that twenty-four manuscripts had been submitted. These were placed in the hands of the appointed judges, Alfred Hertz, Walter Damrosch, Martin Loeffler, and George W. Chadwick, and on May 1, 1911, it was announced that they had agreed on bestowing the award on "Mona," an opera in three acts, music by Prof. Horatio Parker of Yale University, "book" by Brian Hooker, who was also at one time a member of the Yale faculty. Preparations were begun at once to procure a sumptuous scenic setting, as well as a good cast of singers. The singers, with Mr. Hertz as conductor, entered on their task with great energy, and after many weeks of rehearsing, "Mona" had its first hearing on Thursday, March 14, by an audience of great size, which recalled the composer, the librettist, and the singers many times.

The announcement that the prize had been bestowed on Horatio Parker had been received with some surprise, for notwithstanding his high rank among American composers, it was known that among his works, comprising above sixty opus numbers, there was not one which was concerned with the theatre. Successful opera composers are born, not made. Mozart grew up in a stage atmosphere; when he was twelve years old he was already concert-master, and he was only eleven when he wrote his first opera. Weber had a chance to learn "how the wheels go round" from his boyhood, as his father was manager of a travelling company of players and singers; and Wagner had the same advantages through his stepfather's connection with the Dresden Opera. When Weber wrote his first opera he was thirteen years old; Wagner composed his first work for the stage at twenty; Verdi, at twenty-three. Schumann's and Beethoven's operas, on the other hand, were afterthoughts. "Genoveva" and "Fidelio" do not reach the level of their best works, except in places.

The same must be said of Parker's "Mona," which will never enjoy the vogue of some of his choral works, notably his "Hora Novissima." The opera is too obviously the work of a newcomer on the stage; and the fault is aggravated by the fact that Mr. Hooker's libretto, though exceptionally good as literature, is also the product of one not used to stage ways. Some of the scenes are dramatic and thrilling, but on the whole there is too much dialogue, and the action does not always make clear to the spectator what the reader of the book finds elucidated in copious notes and directions. The disadvantages of too much dialogue can, it is true, be overcome by a Richard Wagner, but Wagners are not common.

Like Bellini's once popular "Norma," Parker's opera is based on a story of the old Druids during the time of the Roman domination in Britain. The heroine, Mona, is a sort of Jeanne D'Arc. She has on her breast a mysterious birthmark, and she proves to be, not, as everybody was led to suppose, the daughter of Arth and Enya, but a lineal descendant of Boadicea. Some fanatics among the Druids urge her to head an uprising against the Romans. She has been haunted by dreams and visions of the future, and decides to accept the leadership, despite the warnings and entreaties of her lover. This lover, who is known as Gwynn, is the son of a captive British woman by the Roman Governor. Neither Mona nor the other Britons know of his part-Roman parentage. His object is, by his union with Mona, to establish permanent peace. For a time her heart yields to womanly

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promptings and she accepts his caresses, but the wave of Druidic fanaticism overpowers her when he confides to her the secret of his birth. Like a tigress she turns on him, summons the Britons, and all march off to assail the Romans. The battle goes against them. In the last act, wounded Britons run across the stage, followed presently by Mona. Gwynn appears, but she, refusing to believe that he is the Governor's son, takes him to be a traitor and stabs him with his Roman sword. Too late she understands the error, the crime, of her fanaticism—understands that, had she listened to the womanly promptings of her heart, she could have achieved infinitely more than by leading men to battle.

There is nothing American in the story of the prize opera, unless it be that Mona's conversion, with which Mr. Hooker adorns the tale, may be supposed to point a moral which our suffragettes should heed. His going back two thousand years and placing the scene among the Druids of Britain need not have prevented the composer from writing a genuine American opera, any more than the fact that the heroine of "Norma" was a high priestess of the Druids prevented Bellini from making it a typically Italian opera. An interesting comparison might be made between "Mona" and Victor Herbert's "Natoma," which was produced here last year by the Chicago-Philadelphia Company. That opera also suffered from the fact that its libretto, though interesting in substance, was the work of an amateur. The music, however, betrays the hand of one thoroughly versed in stagecraft. "Natoma" is a genuine opera, the first real American opera; American, because of its story, but still more so because of its music. Though born in Ireland (which prevented his competing for the $10,000 prize), Mr. Herbert has spent the greater part of his life in this country, and he has done more to create a real American atmosphere in music than any one excepting Stephen Foster and Edward MacDowell.

In Parker's opera one listens in vain for a note distinctively American. His score consists of substantial, serious, scholarly music, such as any one of a hundred German, English, or other composers might have written. While there is a veiled allusion here and there to familiar phrases, the opera as a whole is surprisingly free from reminiscences, except in a general way—in its use of phrases that have long been the common property of all composers. Of such phrases, indeed, "Mona" is compact. There is little individuality of style or thought. The leading motives associated with the characters are not sufficiently incisive to make a mark on the memory, and therefore they miss their effect. The constant use of declamation in place of ingratiating vocal melody (which, to be sure, does not come at one's bidding) is wearisome. The orchestration is the work of an expert, usually appropriate, sometimes impassioned, as in the love duo, at other times (especially in the march of the Roman soldiers at the close) imposing, after the manner of a Spontini. The most interesting parts of the opera are the choruses, which are admirably conceived and carried out; and this brings us back to our starting point. In writing choral music, Professor Parker is in his own sphere; in writing operatic music, he is not—at least, not yet.

After the usual series of performances in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, Andreas Dippel will take his company next season to San Francisco, visiting, also, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, and Denver. This will keep him, his singers, players, and stage hands busy at least twenty-six weeks. Since the Metropolitan company no longer goes on tour, he will have no rival in the field.

The principal works to be performed at the Cincinnati Festival, May 7 to 11, are: Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Benoit's "Into the World"; Berlioz's "Requiem"; Franck's "The Beatitudes," Liszt's "Dante Symphony," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Strauss's "Heldenleben," Van der Stucken's "Pax Triumphans," scenes from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" and "Meistersinger," and Wolf-Ferrari's "The New Life."

When Handel began to write oratorios, he intended to have them performed like operas, with scenery, costume, and action. The Bishop of London, however, forbade the performance on the dramatic stage of Biblical stories. The Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose "Music and Morals" has just been issued in a new edition by the Harpers, pleaded eloquently for the carrying out of Handel's original intentions, on the ground that dramatic presentation might restore to popularity some masterworks that are now neglected. But it was not until a few weeks ago that an attempt was made to test this claim. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed in a dramatic version at Liverpool by the Moody Manners Opera Company. The production was received with great enthusiasm by an audience that crowded every part of the theatre. In a few places where the oratorio did not yield a continuous plot, extra pages were added, with music taken from other works by Mendelssohn. According to the London *Times*, the oratorio stood the test remarkably well. "Of course, there were things in it which sounded rather foolish under these conditions, but the really strong portions proved their dramatic quality by being made positively more vivid by the action of the stage."

Oscar Hammerstein's London Opera House threw open its doors on November 13, and the winter season closed on March 2. During this period the enterprising manager produced "Quo Vadis?" "William Tell," "Norma," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," "Hérodiade," "Le Jongleur De Notre Dame," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Louise," and Rossini's "Barber." Hammerstein's summer season is to begin on April 22 and last till July 13.

For a new translation of the "Don Giovanni" Italian text into German the Deutsche Bühnenverein has offered a prize of no less than $2,400, which shows in what esteem Mozart's opera is held in Germany. The prize libretto must be satisfactory, not only as literature, but must be accurately dovetailed with the music.

Wassili Safonoff is one of the busiest conductors in Europe. He does not forget his American experiences. At Rome, where he conducted two concerts not long ago, chiefly of Russian music, he also presented an American composition, Henry Hadley's symphonic poem, "Salome." It was not, however, very favorably received.

Massenet's latest opera, "Roma," has won a decided success at Monte Carlo. It is based on a story the scene of which is laid in Rome during the Punic wars, 246 B. C. The heroine is a Vestal virgin who, being detected in a love affair, is condemned to be buried alive. The love music is said to show the composer at his best in his familiar style; the critics, however, were also impressed favorably with the military music, which abounds in the score and recalls his turbulent "La Navarraise."

Art

THE SPRING ACADEMY.

The present exhibition of the National Academy in the Fifty-seventh Street Galleries sets in view 296 paintings and 26 pieces of sculpture, the work of 261 artists, as compared with 345 paintings and 67 sculptures, the work of 322 artists, shown at the winter Academy in December and January. Among the sixty exhibitors in December not represented in this exhibition will be found John D. Alexander, Cecilia Beaux, E. H. Blashfield, William M. Chase, Cyrus E. Dallin, Paul Dougherty, Daniel C. French, William Glackens, Jerome Myers, John S. Sargent, J. Alden Weir, Irving Wiles; nor has this spring show brought out the earlier absentees—Benson, Burroughs, Dearth, Dewey, Henri, Marsh, Melchers, Pratt, Ranger, Sterner, Tarbell, Thayer, Tryon, and others. In short, the exhibition is small enough to gain in an effect of selective arrangement, but not representative of the full available strength. Piece by piece, there are many interesting things here.

Everett L. Warner, whose March Day at the entrance sets a pair of pines against a far screen of deciduous trees in a reddish haze, has also a capital picture of the river-front, with open spaces, old sloping roofs, and spanning bridges. Francis C. Jones's wooded hillside is a high slope rising against the sky into the corner of the canvas. Elsewhere, he shows a pair of children taking a sewing lesson from an attentive young woman, an affair of gold and baby blue and rose pink. Robert Vonnoh does the reflections of trees in a pond and a stretch of afternoon landscape broadly and in simple color in a high key. His

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Octogenarian is a character study, showing a withered head in black hood, the seated figure wrapped in its cape, the eyes sunk, the skin taut and tinged with orange.

Frank A. Bicknell keeps his last glow of an October day warm in color, with the light focussed on the middle distance. Gifford Beal paints the snow-covered banks of a frozen stream lined with snow-laden spruce, with broad not to say coarse touch. His old homestead presents a sward that is soaked with green, high lights, and shadows, a rich expanse of tree-shaded lawn before a columned portico. It is the allurement of colors which leads Karl Anderson into his garden splendor, where the woman is effulgent in azures and purples, with a background in which the gamboge lilies heighten the richness of the air. This allurement of color has many illustrations here. Cullen Yates, in landscape again, finds it in the tobacco browns of Indian summer or the mustard yellows of a high-mounding hillock swelling up into a blue sky.

Norwood Macgilvary uses his nude figure attitudinizing before a crouched leopard and holding at arm's length a glass of magic wine as an opportunity for luscious vermillions and purples in the silks and for a glimpse of the gem-like Mediterranean sea. There are several nudes here, as it happens. Sergeant Kendall's Cicada, owned by Adolph Bernheimer and seen at the Pennsylvania Academy a year ago, is a successful if not altogether satisfying painting. There is a high measure of craftsmanship about it, without much charm. F. Luis Mora's Embroidered Patterns is a group of two nude figures, very much posed, the scene most deliberately set, and yet the whole so simple that it escapes affectation and has a kind of ingratiating delicacy. The kneeling figure is perhaps the more fortunately posed. Lilian Genth's sea nymph on the beach is much the usual figure that this painter has delighted in for several years, rather better in color and freer in management.

Bruce Crane's partly cleared hill, with the road leading into the thick second growth in the hollow, is a soft, veracious bit of barren countryside. Carlton T. Chapman's sea fights are alone in their sort. Here he has the fight off Cape Vincent, the ships coming on under crowded heads of sail in long lanes, engaged two-by-two as they course along, their sides lifting with fire and trailing smoke and torn rigging. J. Carroll Beckwith does a portrait of his wife, full of deft detail, but rather fussy in consequence. Charles Bittinger's crinoline dames, grouped in a Colonial room making ready for the dance, are studies in cross-light. F. C. Frieseke gives us a string of waterside willows, and a nude standing under the trees in the dappling sunlight.

W. R. Leigh, who has exhibited some interesting studies made among the Mexican Indians, has entered the field of *genre* in the manner of Remington with his Poison Pool. Kenyon Cox's August contains a figure clasping her draped knees and holding a sickle negligently, which carries the mind to much panelling of public walls. John F. Weir's portrait of James W. Pinchot, one of the founders of the Yale Forest School, among the few full-length portraits here, is drily painted, definitely limited within its boundaries, the whole rather graphic and flat. Mary Fairchild Low has a portrait of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, and one of Ben Ali Haggin's full-length young women in black gown stands with some air of challenge in her pose.

Jonas Lie uses a dramatic and tumbled sky for the morning scene on the river, with the bridge in perspective framing in the left, one of the crop of New York Bridge pictures which is touched with imagination and guided by a pictorial purpose. George Bellows's scene on the Jersey City docks in winter is framed in by the slab side of a large ocean liner in berth. The men, all turned at some word or act at the left, are of the dynamic caricature that Mr. Bellows finds adapted to the vigorous manner of his painting. By Joseph Pennell there is a small gray canvas called London Roofs.

The sculpture, of course, includes a tortoise fountain by Miss Janet Scudder. No exhibition would be ready to open without one. But there is in fact little sculpture here. We noted a head of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, by Henry H. Kitson; the standing figure of Caruso, by Paul Troubetzkoy; a little figure of a child playing, by Lindsey Morris Sterling.

The prizes awarded were the following: Thomas B. Clarke prize to Charles Bittinger for his painting, Preparing for the Dance; the first, second, and third Hallgarten prizes to Charles Rosen, Everett L. Warner, and Eliot Clark for their paintings, entitled Rocky Ledges, Along the Riverfront, and Under the Trees; the Inness gold medal to Albert L. Groll for his painting, entitled Lake Louise, British Columbia; the Saltus medal to Bruce Crane for his painting, entitled The Hills; the Julia A. Shaw memorial prize to M. Jean McLane (Mrs. Johansen) for her Portrait of Mrs. John Henry Hammond and Daughter.

The exhibition continues to April 14.

Ernest A. Batchelder's "Design in Theory and Practice" (Macmillan), illustrated, is one of the best elementary manuals that has come to our notice. It provides practical exercises, but is perhaps most valuable in its steady and pungent insistence upon fundamental principles. The author approaches nature through design. What counts for him is not casual divination, but close and logical working out of pattern with regard to all material conditions. The point of view is suggested in the following: "We aim to produce studio-trained craftsmen. What we need most are shop-trained artists." It would be hard to put in fewer words what ails modern art of every degree.

"The Painters of the School of Seville" (Duckworth-Scribner), illustrated, by N. Sentenach, is a scholarly book covering unfamiliar ground. It has the defect, rather common in works of this class, of being somewhat too elaborate for the layman, while incomplete from the point of view of the special student. We miss especially any well-defined critical attitude towards the subject.

Walter Lofthouse Dean, a marine artist, died last week at his house in East Gloucester, Mass. He was born in 1854, and after a course in the State Normal Art School in Boston under Achille Oudinot, he studied under Boulanger and Jules Lefebvre in Paris. One of his pictures represents the Vigilant skimming past the Valkyrie in the race of October 13, 1893. The Halibut Catchers is another.

The death is reported from Cairo, Egypt, of the American artist, Henry Bacon. He was born seventy-three years ago at Haverhill, Mass. In the Civil War he was field artist for *Leslie's Weekly*, and afterwards went to Paris. He remained there twenty years, studying under Frère and Cabanel, and several of his pictures were hung in the Salon. Latterly he had spent his winters in Egypt and painted pictures of caravan life and desert scenes. Although he was successful in oil, his water-color pictures were the best. One of his best-known paintings is Gen. Gates and the Boys of Boston Common, which hangs in the old Adams House in Boston.

George Dunn, whose death is reported from Maidenhead, England, was at the time of his death the leading English authority on early printed books; he was also well known as a collector of old silver, besides being a distinguished photographer of stars.

Finance

A COAL STRIKE AND "PROSPERITY."

At the close of last week, after a surprising advance in the face of unfavorable home and foreign news—including the continuance of the English coal strike—the stock market halted, wavered, and declined. This change in direction might have been assigned to what Wall Street calls the "technical situation"—the fact that, after a ten-point rise in prices, there are always less people willing to buy than there were before, and more willing to sell. But the fact that the reaction in stocks followed immediately on the news that our own anthracite coal-mine owners and the representatives of their employees had failed, after repeated conferences, to come to terms, and that the outlook was

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for the calling of a strike when the present three-year wage agreement expires on April 1, led to a rather general inference that the market was now, for the first time, beginning to reflect our own industrial dispute.

The first question asked in the financial markets was, How would such a strike, especially if long continued, affect the general trend of business, the national prosperity, and, incidentally, the financial markets? There is some material from which to give the answer; for the anthracite coal strike of 1902 was quite as extensive and prolonged as it could very well be this year.

It began on the 12th of May. It was at first called "temporary"; then, on the 15th, the convention of miners' delegates at Hazleton, by a vote of 461¼ to 349¾ (the fraction denoting a divided constituency) called on the 145,000 miners to quit work until their demands were granted. With June, the engineers began to desert the pumping machinery; in July, riots occurred and an effort was made to induce the soft-coal miners also to quit work. Only a part of them did so; but the whole Pennsylvania militia had to be called out in October, and an effort by President Roosevelt to bring about compromise came to nothing. Only when employers and employees agreed, on October 22, to submit their dispute to an impartial committee of five, named by the President, did the strike come to an end.

What happened, during this time, in finance and industry? Anthracite coal production for the whole of 1902 was 31,200,000 tons, the smallest since 1884, as against 53,568,000 in 1901, and wholesale prices rose from $4.50 per ton in April to $12 at the close of the year, and as high as $25 just before the strike ended. All this bore heavily on the individual householder, especially after cold weather began. But anthracite is not the common fuel of American manufacture and transportation; therefore there was no paralysis of industry at large such as Great Britain is now experiencing. In fact, the country's output of pig iron during the last half of 1902 was greater than in the first half, and exceeded by 10 per cent. any previous half-year in our history.

As for financial markets, stocks broke somewhat sharply in May, became quiet in June, advanced with great activity in July and August, and were checked in September only by a sudden tightening of the money market. This generally sanguine attitude was maintained, despite the facts that, even in April, the New York bank surplus was down to $2,600,000 and call money up to 7 per cent., and that, instead of following a year of liquidation, as in the case of 1912, the stock markets of 1902 came on the heels of a wildly extravagant financial boom, based on enormous borrowings from Europe.

This chapter in past history goes some distance towards explaining the generally hopeful attitude—the strange indifference, some people have called it—which our markets displayed on the eve of the breakdown which had been generally expected from the negotiations. Even the railways which mined and transported anthracite coal came out surprisingly well from the five-months' stoppage of mining during 1902. Coal earnings of the Lackawanna, for example, had in 1901 contributed 45 per cent. to the company's gross earnings, and they amounted to $10,749,344. Yet instead of declining the four or five millions which might have been predicted, the Lackawanna's coal earnings for 1902 amounted to $8,145,000—a decrease of only $2,604,000, and the decrease in total gross earnings for the year amounted to only $2,109,000. What happened to the other anthracite roads in 1902 is shown in the following table, giving coal earnings for three years, 1901, 1902, and 1903:

	1903.	1902.	1901.
Lackawanna	$13,826,844	$8,145,920	$10,749,341
Del. & H. ..	11,528,821	5,809,649	7,723,306
Reading	13,134,624	12,436,159	12,391,307
Lehigh	10,104,764	9,328,959	9,636,802
Jer. Cent. ..	6,054,769	5,717,062	7,230,817
Erie	11,384,421	9,066,059	9,037,086

Three explanations may be found for the unexpectedly favorable returns of the anthracite roads for 1902. In the first place, large shipments of coal were made up to May 12, in anticipation of the strike, and then from October 23 until the end of the year the mines were worked night and day to supply the demand. That was one reason why the decrease in earnings was not larger. The next was that the loss in anthracite tonnage was made up largely by an increase in bituminous shipments; in 1902, for example, Reading's anthracite tonnage decreased 1,057,000 tons, or 10 per cent., but the bituminous shipments increased 1,068,000 tons, or 21 per cent. The third reason why the anthracite roads did not drop very far behind in 1902 was set forth by President Truesdale of the Lackawana, in his annual report for that year, as follows:

> The year 1902 was a prosperous one for the territory through which the lines of this company run, as is apparent from the increase in earnings from all sources excepting from the transportation of coal.

If we are to have another anthracite strike this year, the chief questions at issue, from the standpoint of the industrial situation, will be, first, whether the dispute can in the end be settled with as much mutual satisfaction as that of 1902, and next, whether a simultaneous strike of miners in the bituminous coal fields can be averted. The soft coal is the fuel of industry, in this country as in England; that is why our own anthracite coal strike of 1902 embarrassed so little the railways and the manufacturing plants, whereas the strike of this month in England, which affected the coal which the mills and railways and steamships use, had within two weeks tied up a great part of England's industry and thrown out of work perhaps two million employees in other trades than mining.

The question is highly interesting for this country—especially when it comes on top of the extraordinary industrial contest in Great Britain—which has seemed at times to be assuming the shape of that so-called "syndicalism," whereby the new school of industrial agitators on the Continent have entered deliberately on the programme of paralyzing all productive industry at once, in order to force the hand of the Government in their favor and deprive capital of the right to manage productive industry. Doubtless, a simultaneous shutdown in the coal production of England, Germany, France, and the United States would go far towards creating the condition which the syndicalist desires. It is worth asking, however, just what class of the community would inevitably suffer most from it. England has already given the answer, in the enforced idleness of its working classes, in the face of a similarly enforced advance in price of fuel and provisions. Perhaps it is the confidence of experienced observers, in the check which such results of the experiment are plainly indicating, that has inspired the stock market's obstinate disbelief in the predicted industrial and social catastrophe.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Bar Association. Report of the annual meeting held August, 1911. Baltimore: Lord Baltimore Press.

Andrews, M. R. S. The Counsel Assigned. Scribner. 50 cents net.

Belloc-Lowndes, Mrs. The Chink in the Armour. Scribner. $1.30 net.

Benson, Ramsey. A Knight in Denim. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Berle, A. A. The School in the Home. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Böhme, Margarete. The Department Store: A Novel. Trans. by E. C. Mayne. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Bourgin, G. and H. Le Socialisme Français de 1789-1848. Paris: Hachette.

Bradford, Gamaliel, jr. Lee, the American. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Brentwood, Evelyn. Hector Graeme. Lane. $1.25 net.

Bryant, Marguerite. The Adjustment. Duffield. $1.35 net.

Case, S. J. The Historicity of Jesus. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Chester, G. R. Five Thousand an Hour. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Crane, Frank God and Democracy. Chicago. Forbes & Co. 50 cents.

Creevey, Mrs. C. A. Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers. Harper. $1.60 net.

Curwood, J. O. Flower of the North. Harper. $1.30 net.

Dubois, Paul. The Education of Self. Trans. by E. G. Richards. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.

English Lyrics from Dryden to Burns. Edited by M. W. Croll. Holt.

Eulalie, Infanta of Spain. The Thread of Life. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Goring-Thomas, A. R. Wayward Feet. Lane. $1.25 net.

Gould. E. L. Grandma. Phila.: Penn. Pub. Co.

Griffith, H. S. Rosemary for Remembrance. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.20 net.

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READY THIS WEEK.

KELLOGG'S BEYOND WAR: A Chapter in the Natural History of Man.

By VERNON L. KELLOGG, author of "Darwinism To-day;" etc. 12mo. $1.00 *net.*

Not an essay to debate the virtues or evils of war, but a compact setting out of the characteristics and course of the actual evolution of man since his origin as a *distinct animal species*. But this account of his natural history—which in itself might be considered a sufficient reason of being for the book—reveals itself as a new and strong biological argument for peace.

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY'S PATRIOTIC PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

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